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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1869.

THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF TURKEY.

TO hear the language commonly employed respecting the Ottoman empire by European diplomacy and publicism, its profession of sympathy with the alleged wrongs of the Christian races subject to the Porte, and its sighs over the degeneracy of the Moslem, one might suppose that the Padisha's government was far behind the governments of the other, so-called civilized, nations of the Old World. We do not know what ideas of comparative statesmanship Fuad Pasha may have brought back with him from the Paris Exhibition and the Vienna visit; but if his sight was keen he must have seen many things in the Christian West which could not have been worse in the Mohammedan East. It could hardly have escaped so acute an intellect that beneath the pomp and glitter of the surface of the model states were hidden the same rottenness, the same wide-spread misery, the same material and moral decay, the same excessive taxation, and the same disregard of law and constitutional guarantees. At any rate, whether Fuad noticed the analogy or not, it is certain that no one who judges intelligently can be blind to the fact that matters go badly in other states beside Turkey, that public affairs are not much better managed elsewhere, and that venality, corruption, poverty, lawlessness, oppression, ignorance, and crime are equally at home on both sides of the Hæmus.

There is, however, one consideration which should greatly lessen the responsibility of the Porte for the abuses and maladministration charged against the Turkish rulers and people. We mean the exemption of the foreign residents from the laws of the land, and the natural effect which such an anomalous condition of affairs exerts on the entire body politic. The privileged position of certain classes in the Ottoman empire keeps the whole population in chronic confusion. The jurisdiction of the consuls and the steadily growing abuses to which these prerogatives give rise are the wounds from which the country bleeds gradually to death. No statesmanship can avail against the mischief resulting from such an abnormal arrangement. Were the Solons of the West to be gathered into an Areopagus, their collective wisdom would be at fault to provide a cure for the evil. The first maxim observed by a civilized state should be the perfect equality of all its citizens before the law; but if the most insignificant consular agent may block the wheels of justice by his mere fiat; if a whole quarter of a city can claim to be independent of, and even hostile to, the authority of the state; if every robber or defaulting debtor, by simply obtaining a foreign passport, can defy the police and the civil judge at pleasure, then it becomes impossible for any government to preserve public order. Yet such is exactly the case in Turkey. For many years energetic efforts have been made at Constantinople to remove the leading causes of these grievances. It was with this object in view that Sultan Selim established the Beratlis, a mercantile association. By the Berat conferred on that body its members were admitted to the same privileges and immunities which the foreign residents enjoy. Extensive trading facilities were extended to them. They were exempted from the jurisdiction of the cadis, and placed directly under that of the Grand Vizier himself. This association, though it proved in many respects a success, failed in its main idea. The denationalization of Turkish subjects for the sake of consular protection still continued. Other reformatory schemes were found equally ineffectual. The decrees of 1862 and 1863, which outlawed renegades and debarred them from inheriting from their Mohammedan relations, met with no better result. The foreign powers defeated the execution of these laws. Thus, for instance, the Porte is compelled to let the inhabitants of the Caucasian frontier districts go into the nearest Russian towns, where any one can obtain a Russian passport which secures him absolute absolution for all offences. Who would hold the Turkish police authorities in such localities responsible for the public tranquillity and the observance of the laws?

Few states in Europe contain within themselves so many elements of economic vitality as Turkey. No other state possesses, perhaps, in a greater degree the means of its own regeneration. Mercantile and industrial enterprise have never been denied to the Osmanli. They are, at the same time, perfectly aware of the extent of their resources, though they find themselves compelled to let them remain unproductive. The free development of agriculture, the utilization of their mineral wealth, is impossible as long as the exemption of foreigners continues to be insisted upon. For this reason the Hat-Humajan of February 18, 1856, had a clause inserted to prepare a way for the acquisition of real estate by foreign residents. The statesmen of the Bosphorus did not pretend this to be a concession to the Christians, but declared it to be essential to their own prosperity and progress. Only through the settlement of the country by European agriculturists could cultivation receive an impetus and growing industry afford new nourishment to a declining export trade. To turn the riches lying dormant in the fertile lands of Roumelia to account required, however, the Aladdin lamp of foreign trade and capital. The Mussulman is quick to learn, energetic and skilful, but the incentive must come from without. It

is especially the Vakuj system, the peculiar condition of the lands owned by the mosques, which requires a change. Tempted by the advantages incident to hierarchical protection a large number of extensive estates had, in the course of time, been voluntarily ceded to the mosques for the purpose of receiving them back as fiefs. It is computed that nearly three-fourths of all the arable land in the empire thus gradually passed into the possession of the hierarchy. But the inconvertibility of these estates and their exemption from taxation presented a serious obstacle to true economic progress and worked incalculable fiscal injury to the state. The revenues derived under the Vakuj system from landed property amounted to no more than thirty-five millions of piastres. By taxing them in accordance with the very moderate rates usual in Turkey they would have yielded an annual income of nearly four times that sum. But such a tax could never be realized until the lands were brought into the market and foreigners permitted to acquire this kind of property. The 14th article of the Hat-Humajan therefore authorized the sale of real estate to foreign residents, on condition that the new owners should not only consider themselves bound by the laws of the country and its police regulations, but that they should assume a share of the taxes and public burdens—provided always this arrangement should be sanctioned by the great powers. This article failed to go into practical operation. The great powers would not consent to waive the legal exemption of their subjects under any circumstances, although the Porte succeeded in overcoming the bitter opposition of the hierarchy. Shortly before the Sultan's visit to the great industrial exhibition the inconvertibility of the mosque lands was pronounced null and void. Simultaneous with this measure, the proposition to allow foreigners to purchase real estate was submitted by the Turkish government to the ambassadors of the great powers, but it still lies buried beneath the dust of the legation archives. Ali thus broke the resistance of the mufti and ulemas, but all his honest intentions were defeated by the *non possumus* of the representatives of Christian civilization. In the face of these undeniable facts, he is, nevertheless, constantly told that his country is financially and politically bankrupt, and that she owes this fate entirely to her own perverseness. Might not the land reform question be cited as a suitable paradigm to these hypercritics? It is true that the regulations passed by the Transimath Council of 1857 concerning foreign colonization have been found impracticable, but is this a reason why all reforms should be discountenanced? The question of foreigners in general, their capacity to own real estate, and their exemption from local taxation and jurisdiction in particular, are the main source of all the Porte's difficulties. Let Turkey have all she needs for a radical inner reorganization; let her no more be thwarted in those untiring struggles for reform which she has unflinchingly pursued against the greatest obstacles for a dozen years, and Western Europe will have little reason to fear Muscovite ambition or Byzantine intrigue. The green banner might then be left in perfect safety to wave from the east cape of civilization.

One word in relation to the religious aspect presented by the Turkish question. The Padisha's government has long ceased to be a theocracy. Before Mahmud destroyed the Janizaries and abolished the feudal system, the Koran had already been politically extinct. The Hat-Humajan swept away its last vestiges in the intercourse between Mohammedans and Christians. The admission of Christians to the civil and military service, the reception of Christian testimony in the courts, the repeal of the death penalty for abandoning Islamism—all have had their share in doing away with theocratic influence in the state. The men of the Serai are now earnestly bent upon making the mosque lands productive, in regulating the status of the Christian residents, in introducing mixed tribunals, and in establishing the excellent Vilajet constitution in the remaining Pashaliks. Nothing but the persistent opposition of the foreign legations could have delayed these and many other equally important reforms in the Ottoman empire. The difficulties which the Porte has to surmount are, therefore, not religious, but purely administrative and diplomatic in character.

A FIRST VIEW OF TRAIN.

"A FAULT confessed," as the dramatist puts it, "is a new virtue added to a man," and therefore we have less delicacy in admitting that never having heard Mr. George Francis Train before the night of Friday, the 29th ult., we have hitherto done that orator habitual if unconscious injustice. We have supposed that his speeches were words—frequently very bad words—and nothing more; that he was a compound of egotist and iconoclast, a politician who, if he had his way, would bring back Chaos and Old Night, a creature made up of blatter, fustian, and spread-eagleism, a messenger who, like Mr. Walt Whitman, was bound to project his "wild yawp over the roofs of mankind" with scant regard to the sense, provided his fellow beings could be forced to listen to the sound. We have conceived him to be a mere chattering pie singing in dismal discords, a clasher of rhetorical cymbals for the unthinking ears of the unwashed, a person whom your Bowery boy—when there were Bowery boys—would have called a "blower," whom your vulgar Englishman would style a "duffer," whom those that talk the fascinating patois of low New York to-day would pronounce a "dead beat." Such have been our long-time prejudices, which, whenever he crossed our mind at all, were coupled with the general consolatory reflection that the very extent of Mr. Train's folly would prevent his doing any harm. Let no one, however, make haste to anticipate our recan-

tation. We thought all these things about Train before, and we think them of him still. But we have some touches to add to the picture. He is all our fancy painted him, but he is also something more. We had no idea, so to speak, of the *size* of the man. There is enough of him to make half-a-dozen average Western demagogues. If Juliet's school-girl conceit about her mawkish lover could be applied to Train, and he be cut out into little stars, he would make the heaven of stump oratory more bright than would the farthing candles of a myriad of Bricks and Pograms, or of any other similar instructors of mankind, real or imaginary. He is, in truth, a sort of microcosm, he is himself alone, he is *sui generis*, and, in the truest sense of the hackneyed saying, none but himself can be his parallel.

In all seriousness Mr. Train is a born orator. His logic may be defective, his study of political economy imperfect, his perception of the ludicrous singularly acute on certain sides and totally obtuse on others, his æsthetic sensibilities may lack refinement and his self-appreciation may be both excessive and pitifully delusive. But, we repeat, he is a born orator. He sways men. He makes them scream with laughter and thunder with applause. He is never at a loss for a word, for a metaphor, for a whimsical analogy. He watches and feels his audience with a tact that seems the tact of instinct rather than of experience, rouses them when they flag, kindles them to enthusiasm with a phrase or a gesture, never for an instant loses his command over them, talks, without stopping half a minute, for two long hours and leaves his audience unfatigued, in riotous spirits, delighted, rubbish or not, with what they have heard, to pour into the streets full of enthusiasm. Now, it is all very well to say that one who can do this is a mountebank and a charlatan. Perhaps he is. In Train's case the assertion is probably to some extent just. He says a great many ridiculous things; he also, we are sorry to add, says some very mischievous things. But he is genuine in his earnestness, in his artistic appreciation of his audience, in his remarkable dramatic faculty, and, in a word, in his electrical *rapport* with the people, which constitutes more than aught else what we call a genius for oratory. In so far as these qualities are genuine and the use of them is earnest, their possessor cannot fairly be set down as purely a charlatan or a mountebank—only this and nothing more. On the contrary, he is this *and* something more. We venture to say that Mr. Train is a man of not a little real feeling and that he is capable of much generosity. We do not believe, as we hear many profess to do, that his sympathy with the poor and lowly is mere artful pretence. There is a kind of tenderness and a kind of passionate energy that no histrionic talent can simulate. Of this we see so much in Mr. Train as to convince us that, extravagant, incoherent, even nonsensical, as he frequently is, there is also at bottom much good in him; and by this we mean good not as regards his oratorical gifts alone, but his moral qualities as well. There is ever some germ of goodness in things evil, and were it not for the over-luxuriance of his superficial absurdities the better growth below, instead of being overshadowed, would have been more widely seen and more generally appreciated. As it is, his flamboyant irregularities constantly absorb the general eye, and what there is of worthy and solid architecture below has escaped attention.

Oddly enough, Train is physically quite unlike the typical Yankee. He more nearly resembles a man of the French Revolution. He is not lean, slab-sided, or dyspeptic; he is not long or lank-haired; he does not talk through his nose. He is compactly built, with square shoulders; is about five feet ten in height, with a large head and short masses of curling dark hair; with what most people would call a handsome face, and certainly a very expressive one, and a singularly powerful and telling voice, which, although the speaker was hoarse on the night we heard him, is evidently capable of a great variety of modulation. He wears the evening dress which Mr. Webster is supposed to have made national—that is to say, black trousers, buff waistcoat, and blue coat with brass buttons—and appears at the outset in light gloves, which he wears of and casts aside as he proceeds. He occasionally indulges in tremendous bursts of vociferation, accompanied by furious stamps, and, more rarely, in passages of exaggerated suppression, mingled with fragments of verse, sometimes quoted and sometimes original. On the evening we write of, the hall—the large one of the Cooper Institute—was full to overflowing, the great mass of the audience being apparently Irish, although there was quite a delegation of ladies and others of the *Revolution* stamp, and although young Bullcalf, of the — Club and the steps of the New York Hotel, and his friend Porcine, the ballet manager—constant attendants at all shows—flitted about the lobbies at intervals. The orator was received with prodigious enthusiasm, and seemed to carry his public literally in the hollow of his hand. His denunciations of England, and his fervent demands for war with that country, were received with especial satisfaction. His more rational, if a trifle less pleasing, prognostications of the future growth and splendor of the United States were, however, hardly less approved. Mr. Train's education in political economy has been neglected, his notions respecting the currency and the tariff are such as we cannot endorse, his frenzied appeals to the passions of his most ignorant hearers are extremely reprehensible, the thread of his argument is continually snapped by issues ludicrously irrelevant, and yet, so far as we can judge by a single hearing, there is far more brain, purpose, and marrow about the man than he is usually given credit for. And so, loving independence of thought beyond most things, and seeking to do justice to all men so far as in us lies, we send forth our testimony. Very few will gainsay that if we gave his due even to

the worst of those gentlemen to whom Train is often compared, we should, in self-respect, concede no less to the eccentric orator of Young America himself. He is a demagogue, no doubt, and in too many respects a wrong-headed and foolish one; but there is more "in" him than in half of those who are in the complacent habit of writing him down an ass.

MODERN PREACHING.

THERE is perhaps no class of people more nominally progressive yet obstinately dogmatic and conservative than the various religious bodies. The pertinacity with which every denomination clings to its cherished idols is utterly incomprehensible, except on the theory that the purely religious mind on religious matters can never escape beyond the little sphere in which it has been accustomed to revolve, or shake itself free from the fetters which the despotism of the churches imposes upon its subjects. So much being premised, we are scarcely at a loss to understand that many of the modern notions of church-going people are quite incompatible with both facts and reason. The value and function of preaching furnish an apt illustration of this. Ordinary church-goers are influenced, no doubt, by a variety of motives—some going because it is the usual thing for respectable people to do, others to avoid singularity, to display the treasures of a new wardrobe, or merely to kill time; but with each and all what is the cardinal attraction at the particular church selected? Certainly not anything fairly comprised under the term worship—the homage of the heart and soul rising in ascriptions of prayer and praise from the creature to the Creator. This may be the case with a few; a larger number, perhaps, is attracted by the music; but with the majority the be-all and end-all of the service, to which everything else is but preliminary and subservient, is the sermon. Let but a minister be a "good preacher" and that is a sufficient atonement for nearly every shortcoming. He may be an idle, neglectful shepherd, indifferent to the physical or spiritual well-being of his flock, rarely visiting any but a few of the more wealthy and influential members, and his church be closed six days of the seven; but a "smart" and "spicy" Sunday's sermon, like charity, amply covers a multitude of sins. The modern view of the superiority of the sermon shows itself in various ways. Should the favorite preacher be absent, the itching ears stay at home, or wander elsewhere in search of the usual Sabbath titillation. Like the stars of the theatrical world, a popular performer draws a full house, while under less eloquent ministrations the seats go a-begging. And this condition of things will continue and intensify as long as false views of preaching and worship prevail. A little reflection will convince any unprejudiced mind that the mere proclamation of the gospel has long become a subordinate part of the office of the Christian ministry. Paul, it is true, spent his whole life in doing this; but then preaching was a prime necessity, as in no other way could the good news be spread and converts made. Hence the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Hence the practice of the apostles and early Christians in perils oft by sea and land as they went everywhere preaching the Word. But in our day this function of preaching is necessarily at an end. The warrior's sword may carve out a new country, but other arts must be called in to foster national growth and prosperity. So at the outset of Christianity the standard-bearers of the cross were, in the nature of things, Boanerges—men of unflinching courage and rugged eloquence; but in civilized Christian communities new conditions have arisen in which the two-edged sword of the preacher has to give place to other agencies. Nor as an instructor or civilizer can the Christian minister occupy the same ground as formerly; like Othello, he finds his occupation gone. As a teacher his office has been superseded by the press, secular and religious. Sermons, consequently, have degenerated into didactic lectures and essays on moral or theological topics—and occasionally, it must be confessed, into violent political harangues—and are valued or otherwise just in proportion as they tickle the intellectual palate or send the auditors to sleep. Few ministers possess in any eminent degree the power of thoroughly arousing and interesting a large congregation, and even they preach too much, as such expressions as "he was not quite as good as usual to-day" or "scarcely himself this morning" indicate. Two long essays a week all the year round must soon exhaust the most prolific brain and end in twaddle and platitudes. No wonder that persons of culture prefer absenting themselves from church to being bored by the dreary dulness and stupidity of the average modern sermon.

The remedy for this is simple. Abolish the notion that churches are but lecture-rooms and that sermon-hearing, however "edifying," is in any sense an act of worship. Make religious edifices, in fact as in name, houses of prayer, places of worship. Let the services be short, hearty, attractive, congregational, subjective rather than objective. Let the sermons, too, be shorter, and raise their standard by diminishing their number. Garrick relates of the inimitable Whitfield, whose power was such that he could move a congregation to laughter or tears simply by his pronunciation of the word "Mesopotamia," that his sermons never attained their highest excellence until he had repeated them forty times. This method of striving after perfection might be facilitated in our large cities by a judicious interchange of pulpits, and the time thus saved from the preparation of fresh essays could be advantageously employed in giving increased activity and energy to all parochial organizations.

THE FOREIGN COUNT.

THAT sort of social flunkysm on which the satirist of *Vanity Fair* lavished his fiercest sarcasm—the uncontrollable tendency of little people to fall down and abase themselves at the feet of great people merely because they are great, is not confined to the dear British public that Thackeray dissected so keenly and so delightfully. The good old Anglo-Saxon stock changes its skies but not its spirit in crossing sea, and the transplanted graft of toadyism flourishes as vigorously in republican America as in monarchical Britain. To be sure our cousins across the water have advantages in this line that we lack, in the possession of a titled and hereditary aristocracy, which always presents peculiarly suitable objects for plebeian worship. Rulers we have, indeed, whom we are fond of holding up as the peers of any rulers in Christendom, but somehow they don't seem to make good idols at all. We remember that we set them up and that we can pull them down, and the thought lends a spice of superiority which is not conducive to veneration. Besides, it is notorious that we can all be senators, governors, President, if we will; but all the capacity and labor in the world will not furnish a man with an ancestry dating from the Conquest or fill his gallery with original family portraits by Vandyck or Sir Godfrey Kneller. Yet though we may lack occasions for its display, the instinct lives among us, to burst out all the more vigorously for its repression whenever happy chance wafts a stray noble to our untitled shores. Perhaps we prove then that we can even surpass our British brethren in excess of adulation; for we are not restrained by any of that familiarity which sometimes might diminish respect, and so our worship blooms in all the magnificence of ignorance.

There is, beside, another element in American society little regarded by most, and known indeed to few, which aids in smoothing the reception of the titled visitors who favor from time to time these western wilds. We, too, have an aristocracy which is none the less real for being untitled—old families with historical names and crests and mottoes and any number of ancestors, with genealogies stretching into most improbable remoteness, with hereditary family plate and hideous genuine family portraits, with innumerable family legends and inconceivable family pride—above all, with a fine aristocratic scorn of the vulgar herd. These people are not republicans at heart; they sigh for the vanished glories of that early time when Washington, under the title of President, really just missed blooming into a constitutional monarch, and was surrounded by what was only temporarily a republican court, and was as likely to become a privy council; they jealously preserve their dignity from the abasement of contact with the upstart and subsequent race around them; and they eagerly welcome in the titled European the congenial representative of a society which they feel that they naturally are fitted to adorn, and from which they are only debarred by the narrow prejudices of democracy. These are the two elements of our American society to which the foreign count owes not only his popularity and his success, but the cordiality of a reception which is too eager ever closely to scrutinize the genuineness of his credentials.

Perhaps this last circumstance is as well for both sides, for the real count is usually not half so entertaining or clever a fellow as his counterfeit. The latter may have been his barber or his valet, but the chances are that he talks better, dresses better, behaves better, flirts better, wears longer and handsomer moustaches, and whiter and more linen, has lovelier eyes and a more *distingué* manner, spends more of somebody's money and gives more elegant little dinners, than his master would in his place. In fact, he is obliged to be in every way better than the real article, to diminish the chance of detection; and in the rare cases when detection does come it is because he makes some mistake in his overdoing and is so super-superb that somebody becomes suspicious who has been to Europe and had a count pointed out to him. But commonly he plays his part so well—it need not be so *very* well—that when he finally bags his wealthy heiress he leaves a dozen others plunged in abject grief by his desertion. Of course, when the truth comes out there is a corresponding violence of joy and glow of generous triumph among these mourning Ariadnes; but they are not for that warning any the less prone to yield to the insidious charms of the next pinchbeck nobleman.

If the true count is less interesting, he is also less dangerous than the impostor. He is seldom painfully intelligent, and his notions of English for some time after his arrival are of that abstruse and mysterious nature which makes conversation with him somewhat less enlivening than a consideration of the binomial theorem. His physical beauty, as a rule, is not equal to that spiritual excellence which you feel he possesses, but which an imperfect medium of communication prevents you from discovering. He is not frequently wealthy, and too often wears his coat buttoned in a manner that to a professional laundress would seem at least suspicious. But then he is a count, that is to say, generally speaking; or he may indeed be a baron or a vicomte, a most attractive title, or even a marquis. There is no getting over that. There is his title fully set forth on his card, whereon also his coat of arms and family motto are neatly engraved for the admiration of republican eyes. And then countess would be such a pretty handle to one's name, as, indeed, would baroness, and marquise is simply beyond words. How the Jones girls would stare, and how overwhelmed the Browns would be with rage and impotent envy, and how the Robinsons would be made at last to feel their inferiority. And then what roseate visions of storied and sesquipedalian castles on the Rhine, or of quaint old Nor-

man châteaux, or—why not?—better still, the loveliest of Italian villas on the loveliest of Italian lakes. Then to be presented at court; to be noticed perhaps by majesty itself, to be pointed out as *la belle Américaine*, to read one's name and the description of one's toilette in all the fashion journals, illustrated with brief, highly colored sketches of the lovely Countess's romantic history; to sip all the sweets, to bask in all the splendors of that delightful existence—is not this something to be thought of? Mamma is not so sentimental, of course. The habit of knowing who people are before knowing them is an uneasy one to abandon, and she cannot help chafing at the inseparable *chaparral* of noble hair behind which, as behind an abattis, lies impregnable the physiognomy of the distinguished unknown. But every day gives force to the great negative fact that he is not exposed. No one recognizes him for the inestimable courier who was so splendid on that last trip to Europe; no one identifies and reclaims his magnificent wardrobe; the great Professor Von Schplittintoo, who knows everybody and everything, met him at the Blinkinsops the other evening and had nothing to say against him; *non constat* that he ever shaved anybody—certainly never himself. It cannot be supposed that Mrs. Blinkinsop would invite him if he were anything out of the way. And so may not mamma too, after a while, indulge herself in secret dreams, wherein she tells of her daughter the countess and her doings at foreign courts, and towers in conscious superiority over the downcast heads of those less fortunate mammas whose daughters are only wedded to citizens and cash. Papa, indeed, is rather disposed to pooh-pooh the count and his pretensions; he ridicules him in his feeble way, and is brutally incredulous of his authenticity. But, after all, what does papa know? His prejudices don't permit him to appreciate the count. And the count retains his place in the family acquaintance. Many persons—most of all, young Americans who are not counts—fail to see of what earthly use he is. We think we see. Our fashion in gentlemen is fast becoming too much like our fashion in dwellings. The perfection of a New York residence is a brown-stone house in a long row of brown-stone houses all alike; the pattern of a New York gentleman in society is a person in black clothes among other persons in black clothes, uniform with them in manner, talking nearly the same set of safe topics, dancing with about the same taciturn correctness—distinguishable only by some accident of height or complexion or some slight permissible peculiarity in whiskers. The count is most useful to us in embodying a successful revolt against excessive orthodoxy. He affords to the tendrils which lovely woman stretches out instinctively toward whiskers joined with income something new to twine about. He gives the young gentlemen, with their little strict provincial sets of rules for seeming gentlemen, a still healthier though bitterer lesson. He shows them what foolish social martinets they are; how little necessary English is; how unlike one may be in behavior to the prevalent conception of gentleman and still be splendid; how many things that, done by natives, seem underbred, impertinent, and downright snobbish, can be transmuted into signs of high social culture by that peculiar stylishness innate in Europeans of lofty birth; in short, how intrinsically glorious it is to be hirsute, how more glorious it is to be a foreigner, how most glorious of all to be a count. Is not this much?

Let us, then, cast aside a strangely strong and natural prejudice and thank Heaven and the catholic taste of the *varium et mutabile semper* for keeping before us this model of the social graces and superiorities of the Old World, and instilling into us that taste for aristocracy and that respect for the indubitable excellences of inherited rank which our forefathers erred in disapproving, and which annually secures to numerous valets, barbers, gamblers, and adventurers a good run of acquaintance and fine business prospects when they settle down here to the practise of their respective professions.

GLEES AND MADRIGALS.

THE success of the concerts of glees and madrigals, of which the second took place on the 26th ult., may justly be regarded as the musical event of the season. The discovery of a hidden mine of charming music, learned, elegant, and yet easily understood, the production of our own race, united to English words and performed in a manner to show that the human voice is after all the most noble and pliable of instruments, has fairly delighted the musical public. Our numerous amateur societies are stimulated to increased efforts, and are rewarded by finding a large quantity of choral music suited to their needs, of whose merits they were formerly sceptical. Classicists are glad to see an increase in the small number of those concerts to which people go not so much to hear the performers as the music; and many influential people, clergymen and others, are emphatic in their praises of an entertainment so pure and wholesome, and yielding the pleasure which writers have ever ascribed to good music, without the sensuous excitement too often inextricably mixed up with its performance.

Steinway's rooms, large and small, were completely filled at an early hour. The audience was in the best of humors, and submitted with good grace to the wise decision of the conductor to allow no encore till toward the end of the evening. Nevertheless, the heartiest approbation was universally expressed, and many were heard to say that a series of subscription concerts of this description would undoubtedly prove a great success. The programme was a decided improvement on that of the previous concert. In the first place, the solos were less

numerous, and we venture the opinion that they may be dispensed with altogether and a sufficient degree of contrast be obtained by interspersing quartets and trios with the choral pieces. At all events, if used they should be of the same period and character as the madrigals. Mr. Aiken, who possesses one of the finest bass voices we ever heard, and who appears to have bestowed little time on its cultivation, showed a fine sense of fitness by giving us Raleigh's remarkable poem *The Lye*, but unfortunately Calcott's setting of it is singularly tame and wanting in character. We commend to Mr. Aiken's consideration Purcell's song *The Owl is Abroad*. Haydn's elegant canzonet, carefully sung by Mrs. Hawley Johnson, was wholly inappropriate both to the occasion and to the voice of the contralto. A ballad of the period, such as *Oh! came ye by Newcastle*, would have been far preferable. It happened however, fortunately, that the great body of the audience were not such purists as ourselves and some others, and these numbers, and the still more inappropriate and rather commonplace ballad sung by Mrs. Evstaphieve, as well as the fine and expressive violin-playing of Miss Matilda Toedt, were all exceedingly well received. Nevertheless, we are persuaded that those concerts are the most acceptable, as they certainly are the most instructive, where the pieces are selected wholly from one period or one style, and a sufficient variety is produced within the limits of the style itself, and not by violent contrasts and unfair comparisons. The chorus and quartet by Ries and Abt were good and well sung, but their fine German, or rather modern, harmonies were out of place and ineffective. It was as if while we were contemplating some quaint old china, and thinking of that great tea-drinker Dr. Johnson, and of Goldsmith, Queen Anne, and the Duchess of Marlborough, we were suddenly called on to admire the workmanship of a Colt's pistol. Mendelssohn's magnificent psalm *Hear my prayer* was received with enthusiasm and listened to with delight each evening, but it must be acknowledged the madrigals suffered greatly by being put in juxtaposition with oratorio music of the most elevated kind, full of harmonies and effects not dreamed of for two hundred years after they were written, and bringing us up to a state of enthusiasm which made the next number, the soft and tender *Oh! by rivers* sound like a psalm tune. We all know that there are many objects and occurrences in nature, sunset, mountains, lights on water, which afford endless delights to the uninstructed and childlike as well as to the cultivated and thoughtful; but though we have in prose and in poetry a thousand dissertations on these facts, we have no explanations or notices of the other fact, that there are also certain objects of art the influence of which, on a lower plane, is quite as universal. Squares and circles are always pleasant to the eye and the mind; a smooth stick is a favorite plaything of ploughman and philosopher; if Brummell carried a cane so did Rousseau. The passion for squares of divers colors set together in varying patterns is as old as our race, and we are but now rediscovering and readopting the tessellated pavements which were one of the glories of Rome and Baïæ; and while the influence of the mistaken Renaissance deprived us of these, and of mosaic and diaper-work, our grandmothers rudely appealed to the same tastes in their patchwork quilts.

A pleasure in fugues or canons is one of these instinctive tastes. Charles I. caused to be compiled a book of sports and festivals, including, of course, masques and music, for the instruction of a people whom he intended to make as submissive, and wished to make as civilized, as their continental neighbors. The Puritans refused submission and rejected civilization, yet though they abhorred fugues and canons, and the learned and intricate music which was connected in their minds with prelatical observances, their unconscious descendants have ever taken great pleasure in a good "fuguing tune." The ear can in no other way be so well educated to a perception of the parts in harmony as by following a simple canon like "Non nobis domini," and we should be glad to see the effect on an audience of Atterbury's *Sweet Enslaver* or the beautiful round for three voices written—we forget by whom—to Ben Jonson's fine words:

"I lov'd thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an immortal vow.
So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now."

Once more we must return our heartiest thanks to the unknown conductor, and to the ladies and gentlemen who were willing to undergo the fatigue of a public performance without any compensating opportunity for that individual distinction to which doubtless all were more or less entitled.

FOOD.

THE recent exposures in the columns of the *World* of the extended adulteration of our common articles of diet will, we trust, lead to something more than mere sensational and evanescent results. Next to a good supply of food, the first necessity of life, it is highly important, in a hygienic point of view, that what we eat should be free from any admixtures difficult of digestion or deleterious to health. The stomach, no doubt, is a wonderful instrument, capable of doing good solid work; but, unless one was endowed with the gizzard of the ostrich, it is perfectly suicidal to foist upon it the various substances now unfortunately too current under the cognomen of food. Man, as has well been said, is, thanks to the cuisine art, an omnivorous animal, eating nearly every product of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, but he has not yet reached that

happy condition—though if Darwin's views are correct, there is no telling what the possibilities of the future may be—when he can attempt to chymify with impunity bone-dust, brick-dust, powdered alum, Prussian blue, and the whole tribe of similar abominations, to say nothing of the fiery, vitriolic, and drugged potations which create so much alarm and trouble in the gastric regions. But while, on the one hand, science is doing all she can to make us disgusted with dietetics altogether, and cause us to sigh, perhaps unconsciously, over the many ills that flesh is heir to, on the other she is busy peeping into the processes constantly going on in the wonderful laboratory within, telling us what to eat, drink, and avoid, pointing out the offices of the various alimentary bodies, and the proper time for taking them, and showing how, by judicious cooking, digestion may be best facilitated, and the vital energies renewed.

In a savage state man feeds with great irregularity, eating all day when food is abundant, and often living upon one meal a day, and sometimes even less, when provisions are scarce. In either case he is a terrible glutton. Ten Bushmen, says Barrow, ate in three days the whole of an ox except the hind legs; and Arctic travellers tell us that the daily rations of an Esquimaux amount to 20 lbs. of flesh and blubber. Civilization has, perhaps, rendered us incapable in these degenerate days of similar feats, but we have really very little room to laugh at the rude tribes of South Africa or Labrador. The following picture is scarcely exaggerated:

"Look at a modern dinner: beginning with soup, and perhaps a glass of cold punch; to be followed by a piece of turbot or a slice of salmon with lobster sauce; and while the *caput canis*, the venison or Southdown, is getting ready, we toy with an oyster *paté* or a bit of sweetbread, and mellow it with a bumper of Madeira. No sooner is the venison or mutton disposed of, with its never-failing accompaniments of jelly and vegetables, than we set the whole of it in a ferment with champagne, and drown it with a Hock or Sauterne. These are quickly followed by the wing and breast of a partridge, or a bit of pheasant or wild-duck; and when the stomach is all on fire with excitement we cool it for an instant with a piece of iced pudding, and then immediately lash it into a fever with undiluted alcohol, in the form of cognac or a strong liqueur; after which there comes a spoonful or so of jelly as an emollient, a morsel of ripe Stilton or *paté de foie-gras* as a digestant, a piquante salad to whet the appetite for wine, and a glass of old port to persuade the stomach, if it can, into quietness. All these are more leisurely succeeded by the *mensa secunda*, or dessert, with its ices, its preserves, its bake-meats, its fruits, its *gliffes*, *codinacs*, and *suckets*, as Holinshed would call them, and its strong drinks; to be afterwards muddled with coffee, and complicated into a rare mixture with tea, floating with the richest of cream."

The custom of eating three meals daily both science and experience show to be the safest rule—breakfast, to restore the waste of secretion during the night; lunch or dinner at mid-day, to support the system under ordinary labor; and a third meal in the evening, to carry on the functions of repair and secretion through the night. The different articles of diet may be classified under five heads: 1, Water to help dissolve the food and carry it into the circulation; 2, Nitrogenous or albuminous compounds, chiefly concerned in constructing and repairing the muscular parts of the body; 3, Fat, which serves several important digestive and assimilative functions; 4, Starches and saccharine matters, the calorific or heat-producing agents; and 5, Mineral salts, supposed to be mainly occupied in the metamorphosis of matter, and the removal of effete bodies and worn-out tissue.

In addition to the beverage provided by nature, and therefore doubtless the best, man has everywhere sought, by a variety of vegetable infusions, to supply some subtle but general physiological need. Johnston, in his *Chemistry of Common Life*, says:

"In Central America, the Indian of native blood, and the Creole of mixed European race, indulge alike in their ancient chocolate. In Southern America the tea of Paraguay is an almost universal beverage. The native North American tribes have their Appalachian tea, their Oswego tea, their Labrador tea, and many others. From Florida to Georgia in the United States, and over all the West India Islands, the naturalized European races sip their favorite coffee; while over the Northern States of the Union and in the British provinces the tea of China is in daily and constant use. All Europe, too, has chosen its prevailing beverage: Spain and Italy delight in chocolate; France and Germany and Sweden and Turkey, in coffee; Russia, Holland, and England, in tea—while poor Ireland makes its warm drinks of the husks of the cocoa, the refuse of the chocolate mills of Italy and Spain. All Asia feels the same want, and in different ways has long gratified it. Coffee, indigenous in Arabia or the adjoining countries, has followed the banner of the Prophet wherever in Asia or Africa his false faith has triumphed. Tea, a native of China, has spread spontaneously over the hill country of the Himalayas, the table lands of Tartary and Thibet, and the plains of Siberia; has climbed the Altai, overspread all Russia, and is equally despotic in Moscow as in St. Petersburg. In Sumatra, the coffee-leaf yields the favorite tea of the dark-skinned population; while Central Africa boasts of the Abyssinian chaat as the indigenous warm drink of its Ethiopian people. Everywhere, in fact, unintoxicating and non-narcotic beverages are in general use among tribes of every color, beneath every sun, and in every condition of life."

The peculiar potency of these drinks lies in the *theine*, or other analogous alkaloid, contained in them. What is the precise action of these alkaloids has not yet been determined, one authority stating that they retard the wasting of the tissue, another that they promote the chemico-vital functions of the body.

Many of the nutritive and digestible qualities of food depend upon its proper preparation. Dr. Letheby, in his recent lectures before the London Society of Arts, offers some practical advice on this head, which we subjoin in a condensed form as exhibiting the latest teaching of science upon the economics of the kitchen. He says:

"To insure the production of a good loaf the flour should be from sound grain, the yeast sweet, the dough well kneaded, and the baking so managed as to insure the thorough heating of the loaf to the temperature of at least 212 degs. Fahrenheit. All varieties of meals and arrowroots are easily cooked by stirring them into boiling water or milk, and then boiling for a few minutes. In the case of Indian-meal, rice

split-peas, lentils, and haricots, the boiling should be continued for a considerable time, and the whole grain previously steeped in water for many hours. Infusions of tea and coffee should be made with boiling water, but they should never afterward be boiled. Water of from 4 to 7 degs. of hardness after being boiled is best suited for infusions of tea and coffee, for such water dissolves the aromatic and physiological constituents without extracting the disagreeable bitter principles. In the case of coffee, in fact, a little acid, as a portion of lemon-juice, improves the flavor, notwithstanding that it adds to the hardness of the infusion. Cocoa is best made by boiling. Of the four methods of cooking animal food—boiling, baking, roasting, and frying—the former is undoubtedly the most economical, and produces the most digestible food, but the flavor of the meat is not well developed, and it is quite unsuited for many descriptions of meat; the flesh of young animals, for example. In roasting meat the heat must be strongest at first, and it may then be reduced. The temperature should be as nearly as possible to that of boiling water (212 degs.) The action of heat on fat often produces acrid compounds, hence all baked and roasted fatty foods are apt to disagree with delicate stomachs; and it is often remarked that, although bread and butter, boiled puddings, boiled fish, or boiled poultry can be eaten freely without discomfort, yet toast and butter, or meat pies and pastry, or fried fish, or roasted fowl, will disagree with the stomach. In making soup a given weight of meat, chopped fine, should be allowed to macerate in its own weight of cold water, and then gradually heated to the boiling-point, after which it should be strained and pressed. In deciding on the proper method of cooking a joint, regard must be had for the kind of flavor that is to be developed. Shoulders of mutton and fresh beef are rarely boiled, because of their insipidity. The same is the case with game and poultry, for the barn-door fowl and turkey are nearly the only examples of the latter which can be boiled, and there are no such examples among the former. What should we think of boiled pheasant? A story is told by a writer in the *Society's Journal* of a poacher who wished to seduce a bumpkin new poacher by a practical illustration of the fine flavor of game, and, calling at his cottage one day, he left for him a hare, warm from the chase, telling him to cook it, and to try if it wasn't a nice dinner for nothing. A week after he called again, and asked him how he liked his dinner. 'Didn't loike it at all,' exclaimed the recipient. 'Well, man,' says the poacher, 'how did e cook en?' 'Why, biled en in tarmuts, to be sure.' Venison, although it may be boiled, especially when it is rather high, for about half the time necessary for cooking it, yet must be roasted, in order to develop its flavor."

THE DANCING DEMAGOGUES.

THE small politicians of Washington have met with a rebuff and implied rebuke from the President elect which will gratify most sensible people. After exhausting all other means for keeping themselves conspicuously before the incoming administration, they hit upon the old and not particularly useful custom of getting up an Inauguration Ball. Too poor or parsimonious to erect a building for the purpose, as was formerly done by their predecessors, they asked permission of Congress to hold their fandango in the Capitol building, but the Senate, under the leadership of such judicious thinkers as Senator Patterson, of New Hampshire, refused its consent. The adventurers thereupon rushed over to see what could be done with Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, when that gentleman courteously expressed the opinion that it would hardly be proper to remove the scientific treasures collected in that building for the purpose of turning it into a dance-house. Disappointed but not yet defeated, the small demagogues now insisted upon an audience with General Grant, and, after telling him how very anxious they were to cover him with honor, recited the story of their sorrows. The General tapped the ashes off the end of his cigar, and looked profoundly meditative; whereupon the dancing demagogues felt certain that the illustrious tactician was wondering what should be done in this dire extremity. Off they started again, and while once more in solemn conclave, and just after they had with much toil and chagrin about completed their arrangements, the dancers received a letter from the President elect in which he told them that he thought the whole business superfluous, and that if any choice were left to him he would be pleased to have the ball dispensed with altogether.

We congratulate the country and General Grant on this sagacious intimation. It is an additional evidence of his boldness and practical common sense. These are the qualities which helped him to become the most successful chieftain of the age, which have reflected distinguished honor upon him as a citizen and a representative of the people, and which, without doubt, will constitute the crowning distinction of his career as President of the republic. In regard to the dancing demagogues, it is to be hoped that they will profit by the rebuke thus received. If they must dance, let them resort to the hotel, hops or the assembly rooms where the varieties of fashionable life are usually as great as at the inauguration balls; but if their sole object is to curry favor with those in power and obtain office, let them depend upon their individual qualities as men of intelligence and respectable associations. It is to this class of citizens, living in Washington and scattered throughout the Union, more than to the legitimate expenses of the late war, that we are indebted for the burden of taxation now pressing upon us. To the race of superficial and self-seeking demagogues may also be traced a very large proportion of the corruption which has long been devouring the life of the nation; and it is this class, moreover, which the President elect must keep at bay, if he would succeed in the administration of the government. With the last number of *Punch* before us let us remember that our coming ruler is not a Cyclop, and hope that he will be true to his character as the antitype of "Ulysses smashing the suitors," and will, like the Ithacan, his namesake, succeed in "giving peace to the Tribes." All of which can be accomplished without *dancing* him into the White House.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

HOME AFFAIRS.

PROCEEDINGS in Congress have not been marked by much interest or importance. The Central Pacific branch railroad bill has been lost in the Senate by a majority of one, and the probabilities are now strong that no railroad subsidies will be granted during the present session. A motion by Mr. Howe for appointing a phrenologist to examine candidates for internal revenue appointments created some amusement in the Senate. Both branches of the legislature have been discussing the finance question, without, however, arriving at any satisfactory solution. In the House Mrs. Lincoln's petition for a pension was referred to the Committee on Pensions. The bill for amending the pension laws has also been under discussion. Mr. Niblack moved to strike out the second section, withdrawing pensions from females living a life of prostitution or concubinage. Mr. Perham spoke in favor of it, but it was opposed by Messrs. Farnsworth, Schenck, and others. The suffrage question is still under debate. The Senate has passed the bill for effecting some minor reductions in the army. The Senate Pacific Railroad Committee has agreed to support the scheme for guaranteeing the interest on the first mortgage bonds for two Pacific Railroads, one on the 35th parallel, the other from Lake Superior to Puget Sound. President McCosh, of Princeton College, asks Congress for an appropriation to take observations of the total eclipse of the sun in August next, and the Boston merchants have remonstrated against the Alabama treaty. The Senate has refused to reconsider its vote touching the use of the Rotunda on Inauguration day. The suffrage amendment on the Constitution has been passed by the House. After passing the Senate it must be ratified by three-fourths of the state legislatures. In the Senate the Committee on Indian Affairs has recommended the indefinite postponement of the bill to transfer the Indian Bureau to the War Department. The Committee on Foreign Affairs has reported to the House a joint resolution providing for admission into the Union, as a territory, of the Island of St. Domingo.

The catalogue of crime is still heavy. At Austinburg, Ohio, a miserly shoemaker named Pray was found dead, with his head smashed in three places and his throat cut from ear to ear.—In New York, Isaac S. Davies, related by marriage to the Tweed family, after threatening to kill his paramour, shot himself with a four-barrelled revolver.—At Williamsburgh, L. I., a negro bootblack assaulted one Daniel Foley, and completely cut his nose off.—Commodore Hugh Y. Purviance was attacked by three desperadoes near his Baltimore residence on the night of the 27th, robbed of a valuable gold watch and pocket-book, and dangerously if not fatally injured.—A Maryland bank was broken into on the 25th and nearly \$125,000 in bonds and greenbacks stolen.—One of Her-ring's safes, on the premises of Mr. D. Hess, Maiden Lane, New York, was blown up by a party of burglars and its contents rifled, on the night of the 29th ult. Two of the gang were captured in attempting to escape.—Frederick May, a prominent citizen of Lansing, Iowa, was murdered by his cousin, Charles May, in a dispute about a load of wheat, on the 25th of January.—Three men have been arrested in Brooklyn, Long Island, charged with having defrauded the government out of large sums of money—probably a million—as "drawbacks" on exported goods.—On Saturday evening, Jan. 30, William Morey, proprietor or habitué of a gambling saloon on Broadway, New York, was seized in his room by a couple of ruffians, who bound and gagged him and robbed him of \$8,800 in funds and jewelry.—Mr. George Williams, collector of taxes for Genesee, was attacked by two highwaymen near that village on the 29th ult., brutally beaten, bound hand and foot, robbed of \$625, and left by the roadside insensible.—A ruffian named Kenny committed a dastardly outrage upon Mary Velasco, a young woman from the country, in a liquor saloon in Ridge Street, New York, on the night of the 30th ult.—Detective Whipple, of New York, engaged in ferreting out the causes of the recent incendiarism in Rutland, Vermont, has been brutally assaulted and robbed by the suspected parties.

The *Sun* states that, in consequence of the insecurity of life and property in New York, prominent citizens of the Fifth Ward have formed themselves into a vigilance committee. Some of the most notorious thieves and murderers are to be kept under surveillance, and summary measures taken in the event of any new murder or other terrible crime. The city police are reported to be in favor of the organization of such committees, on the ground that notorious criminals are released as soon as apprehended.

The Wall Street operators and brokers have been excited by an attempt of the revenue department to enforce the tax of one twenty-fourth of one per cent. upon bankers, under which denomination the 79th section of the act defines brokers and other persons who deal in stocks, securities, etc. The whole amount of capital returned by the brokers of Wall Street as taxable is fifteen millions of dollars, but the revenue officers state the amount in actual use there during the year is not less than a thousand millions. If the tax on this were paid the increase of the revenue would be about \$4,000,000 per month.

The New England Labor Reform Convention met in Boston on the 27th ult. The object was to form a league to reduce the hours of labor and increase women's wages. The attendance was large. Financial and other topics were discussed, and the convention finally adopted a set of broad resolutions, making the newly organized league the advocate of every kind of labor reform.—The Sorosis of Chicago are about holding a women's rights convention.—The Working-men's Assembly at Albany is in session. Various reports and resolutions have been adopted relative to apprentices, prison labor, the eight-hour law, and other trade matters.

At Danby, Ill., on the 21st ult., Hannah Waidman, a farmer's daughter and a handsome girl of sixteen, committed suicide by flinging herself before a passing train. Her head was completely severed. The cause of the act is said to be the refusal of the parents to sanction her marriage to a young man named Myers, to whom she was much attached; a letter was found in her pocket addressed to Myers, bidding him an affectionate good-by.

A singular accident occurred last week on the old Bladensburg road, near Washington, D. C. George Pflenger, a German, was placing a spring gun within his stable door to shoot some expected thieves, when the weapon was discharged, and its contents, entering his right side, inflicted a wound which soon proved fatal.

The contest for the skating championship of the United States with gold medal and a purse of \$2,000 came off at the Jersey City rink on the 26th ult. The trial was between Frank Swift, the present champion, and James Meade, of the New York club. After an interesting exhibition of skill, lasting over two hours, Swift won by one point. When the decision was announced Swift was challenged by Gooderich, another aspirant, and the match will come off in a fortnight, weather permitting.

Concerning the Naperville tragedy, in which Chauncey Bailey shot a man named Laird for seducing his wife, the Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette* says that Bailey is himself an accomplished libertine, and had just escaped from a shameful *liaison* in Marengo when he killed his wife's paramour.

The Oneida (N. Y.) *Union* reports an investigation into the local poor-house which discloses a revolting catalogue of cruelties and barbarities. The paupers were poorly fed and forced to eat meat which was putrid and badly decayed. They were given but so many minutes to eat, and if caught eating longer were booted and driven away from the table. Women and children have been shut up in cells for weeks on bread and water, without fire, for the most petty offences. Old men and women were forced to labor when scarcely able to stand upon their feet. In fine, crime and cruelty, licentiousness and libertinism, run riot with the reins thrown loose.

The *Le Claire*, a Tennessee river packet, in attempting to pass over the falls near Louisville, on the night of the 24th ult., struck one of the abutments of the bridge and sank. The weather was intensely foggy at the time of the accident. There were fifty or sixty passengers on board, who had nearly all retired for the night. The sinking of the steamer produced the greatest consternation among them, but all seem to have been saved.

A destructive fire broke out in Troy, Pa., on the 24th ult., and laid half of the business part of the village in ruins before it was extinguished. The loss is estimated at \$150,000.—Five stores with their contents, valued at \$200,000, were burnt out at Lynn, Mass., on the night of the 25th.—The loss by the burning of the car-shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at Altoona, is estimated at \$200,000, and 400 men are temporarily thrown out of employment.

In the match billiard game in Montreal on the 28th ult., for \$2,000, between Joseph Dion, of that city, and Melvin Foster, of New York, on the 33d inning, when Foster stood at 1,116, Dion finished the game with a run of 105. The contest was very close and the play on both sides excellent. Though defeated, Foster has not been shorn of any of his well-earned laurels, as it was by luck and not superior skill that the contest was decided. Should another encounter come off between the two champions, Foster is likely to turn the tables upon his opponent.

In the Rogers murder, which has created so much excitement in this city, the coroner's jury have returned an open verdict. The two Logans and Tallant are still in custody, and another man named Robinson has been arrested on suspicion.

A terrible disaster occurred at Danbury, Conn., on the night of the 31st ult., by the bursting of three reservoirs for supplying the town with water. The rush of the stream was almost irresistible; houses, small buildings, bridges, culverts were swept away and immense damage done to other property. Fifteen lives are reported to be lost by drowning and exposure to cold.

A young lady was found insane a few days ago wandering in the woods in Vigo County, Ind. Her pocket-book contained a good sum of money and a check for \$400. She has since recovered and gives her name as Parmelia Robinson, of Oswego, N. Y. Her parents are wealthy. She left them on a visit to her sister, but on the way became insane and at Terre Haute took to the woods.

Numerous light shocks of earthquake were felt in San Francisco on the 28th and 29th ult. The small-pox is reported to be raging in the city, people are dying daily and the streets are filled with funerals. The whole state is suffering terribly, and several towns, notably San Juan, Gilroy, and Los Angeles, have been almost decimated.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

OUR advices from the West Indies are of more than ordinary importance. The French admiral has compelled the Haytian government to surrender two French vessels seized in the harbor of St. Marc for running the blockade, on the ground that the blockade was ineffectual. It is highly probable that Hayti and other West India islands will ere long be added to the United States. In Cuba matters are more peaceful, but many families, fearing a renewal of the disturbances, are about to emigrate. A suspicious character armed with a dagger was arrested while attempting to enter Gen. Dulce's apartments, for the supposed purpose of assassinating him. The U. S. consul has taken prompt measures for the protection of American citizens. Cohner, the American photographer killed in the *melée*, has been decently buried. Twenty-two Cubans on their way to join the insurgents were captured by a Spanish man-of-war on an English schooner, near Romano Key. Gen. Quesada, of the insurgents, is still in the neighborhood of Nuevitas with a force of 6,000 men, armed with Peabody rifles, and confident of success. A desperate battle was fought at the crossing of the river Cauto, in which the government troops lost 800 killed and wounded. The late disturbances have not been renewed in Havana.

The steamship *Pereire* sailed from Havre for New York on the 15th ult., touching at Brest on the 16th. She experienced heavy weather almost from the start. When five days out from Brest the storm became a furious gale, which threatened the destruction of the ship. Heavy seas broke over her, carrying away her forward deck cabin, the dining saloon for the second-class passengers, deluging the engine room, and partially disabling the ship. The vessel lurched tremendously, and the passengers and crew were thrown from place to place with great violence. Six persons—three of the crew and three second-class passengers—were killed and many injured. On the 21st she shipped an immense sea, estimated at a thousand tons, which flooded the cabin and killed a young German lady outright by breaking her neck. Captain Duchesne deemed it advisable to return to Havre, where she arrived safely on the 26th.

The report that Greece had refused the terms of the Peace Conference was premature. At a public banquet in Paris, General Dix made a speech in which he declared the cause of the Greeks was identical with the cause of liberty throughout the world, and that Greece had the sympathy of America. The Sultan denies that Turkey is heavily arming. The Grecian prime minister is reported to

have resigned. United States Minister Tuckerman at a public dinner in Athens has expressed the sympathy of this country with Greece. Russia urges Greece to accept the terms of the conference. A dispatch from Athens announces that a majority of the Greek cabinet have agreed to the peace propositions of the conference. Mr. Morris, American minister, instructed by Mr. Seward, has offered to the Sublime Porte the mediation of the United States in the quarrel between Turkey and Greece.

Stephen Innes, a discharged lunatic, killed his sister with an axe at St. Stephens, N. B. He afterward committed suicide by ripping his bowels open and stabbing himself in the breast. His mother only escaped by fleeing from the room. The young lady was to have been married shortly, which fact, it is supposed, was the motive for the terrible deed.

The San Juan treaty, signed in London on the 14th ult., refers the determination of the boundary to the President of the Swiss Confederation. The referee is at liberty to decide the boundary from the treaty of 1846, or to determine upon some line which shall approximate thereto and furnish an equitable solution of the difficulty. His decision, to be given in writing, is to be final and conclusive and immediately carried into effect by the boundary commissioners.

The loss of the steamship *Hibernia* has been judicially investigated. The court found that the ship was strong and well-built, that her engine-power was sufficient, and the shaft that broke of the proper dimensions; that the captain was blameless, but that one of the water-tight bulkheads had been interfered with and one man-hole door not properly secured. In the hope that the engineers would yet be rescued in the missing boat, the court deferred final judgment and presented only an *ad interim* report to the Board of Trade.

The death is announced of Mr. Ernest Jones, a prominent English radical politician. Deceased was a lawyer of some note, but joined the Chartist movement in 1845, and was a leader of it till its extinction in 1858. In 1848 he was sentenced to two years' confinement for a seditious speech, and while in prison composed *The Revolt of Hindostan*, a poem written with his own blood on the leaves of the prison prayer-book. Since 1858 Mr. Jones had resumed his position as a barrister and had just been informally chosen as representative for Manchester.

The Spanish government has laid claim to all libraries, archives, and works of art possessed by the churches. In attempting to take an inventory of the goods in the cathedral of Burgos, the governor was assassinated. This event has created intense excitement. The archbishop, dean and chapter have been arrested. Violent popular demonstrations were made against the Papal nuncio, whose official recognition has been withdrawn, and he is about to leave Madrid. The provisional government has decreed the legal equality of all religious sects, and has issued a pacificatory address. No active steps are to be taken against reaction, and all religious questions are to be disposed of by the Cortes. A proclamation has been issued granting a general amnesty to the Porto Rico insurgents. All the foreign representatives, with the exception of Russia, have protested against the insults to the Papal nuncio.

Details of the news from Rio Janeiro show that the success of the allies in Paraguay has been most complete. The town of Angostura, to which the Paraguayans retreated after the battle at Villeta, was soon afterward captured, and Lopez fled into the interior. All his artillery and baggage and 2,000 prisoners were captured. Lopez is said to be a fugitive in the forests, and surrounded by the allied troops.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in the ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

THE HUMAN INTELLECT.*

PHILOSOPHY is a normal product of a people just as much as are manners and customs or the institutions of the state. Each people has some peculiar characteristic which cleaves to or moulds all its outgrowth. From one of these the others can be determined. Given the state form, the morals and religion, together with the habits and modes of thinking, will follow; or, given these latter, the former may be deduced. Hence, too, the philosophy of a people will have its peculiar characteristics, corresponding in general to the other developments. For philosophy is merely the general account which a nation or an age gives itself of all its activities. It wishes to see all its developments in one view as related to itself—to see, in short, itself reflected in its deed—and this it does in the form of philosophy. The Greek will see his own world as a whole, and that makes the philosophy of Plato or Aristotle. What the Roman or the Egyptian, what the Italian or German, sees in his world will, in like manner, be the philosophy of a Cicero or a Proclus, of a Gioberti or a Kant. Thus the diversity of systems arises; each system of philosophy being the solution of the problem presented by the civilization which produces that system. For no people rests content until it finds its "solvent word." "Rests content," we said; it only does that when its work in the field of human history is done. Only such peoples as evolve new problems in the solution of old ones can have a perennial existence. Antithesis is the basis of whatever has vitality. Philosophy cannot be the first form in which a nation seizes its problem for solution. Art or literature is an earlier form, and it is only after literature has dealt successfully with its theme that philosophy has its content in such a shape that it can state it properly.

It is easy to understand what we have a right to expect from American philosophers hitherto. So long as our literature was a mere echo of the European, we could not have anything more than a repetition of European forms of thinking. But with the origin of our civil war—in the course of which our national problem has been treated on an epic scale—we have seen the germs of a national literature gradually awaking to life. Art can portray only such collisions as have come to be felt in the world of actuality, philosophy can solve only such problems as have been lived through and portrayed. But while the individualizing or characteristic sides of art and philosophy are derived from the time, on the other hand their whole procedure is a process of purification from those specializing traits that cling to them. When a people can see the unity of their phase with the other

* *The Human Intellect, with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul.* By Noah Porter, D.D. Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1885.

phases of human history they have attained to clearness; and this is the goal that every attempt in literature or philosophy seeks with more or less distinct consciousness of its aim.

If we cast a look upon our American philosophy with a view to see what progress has been made toward the solution of whatever new problems our nationality has suggested, we certainly must confess to a meagre result. Such as it is, the work of Professor Porter named at the head of this article must be allowed to mark an epoch in its department. For candor and fairness of investigation, for exhaustive thoroughness in collecting and collating opinions on the subjects treated, the work is a marvel. Since Sir Wm. Hamilton's *Metaphysics* was published there has been no work of like erudition. It challenges comparison with that work as well on account of its size and general style of treatment as because of its source—a compilation of lectures delivered originally from the professor's chair and then elaborately wrought up into book form. With regard to the ability of thought manifested in dealing with such a variety of themes as the book contains—it commences with the soul and takes it in its function of intellect throughout all its phases, and discusses all the topics which are suggested by the way—as might be expected, there is much inequality of treatment. After making all the deductions necessary, enough valuable original matter remains to secure for the work in question a high rank among English contributions to the subject it treats. But it is not our purpose to expand upon the more positive merits of the book; they are sufficiently obvious even to the careless reader. Whoever wishes to find the solution of the Kantian antinomies or Hamilton's dilemmas, whoever wishes to find the different stages of knowing admirably distinguished, or to see the correction of manifold errors in philosophy which Hamilton and others of the Scotch school have committed—whoever desires these things will find them all in Professor Porter's book on the *Human Intellect*. We cannot, however, speak so favorably of his polemic against the materialists, the positivists, the Mill and Spencer school of doctrines. Doubtless the influence of the devotees of natural science, who have it pretty much their own way at Yale College, have something to do with the air of deference in which the professor always addresses himself to the task of reasoning with the advocates of the doctrines referred to. This, added to a deficient power in dialectics, is the probable cause. However this may be, there is no failure on his part to utter his protest against all forms of materialism. It is Professor Porter's account of the truly great philosophers that we have to find serious fault with. What does he make of the great cardinal doctrines of Plato, of Aristotle, of Leibnitz and Fichte and Hegel? Mere childish talk! Were the thoughts of these men and their peers of no more consequence than appears from the pages of the work before us, then indeed the history of philosophy were a sad page—even as Comte and his disciples make it—a page containing stratum above stratum the hideous fossils of the saurian periods of human thought. Positivism would indeed be a relief from mere theorizing, hypothesis-making opinions. If, for instance, Plato held the doctrine of ideas attributed to him (p. 404) and saw no more in it than is there stated, he certainly does not deserve the reputation he has gained. So, too, one may question the fame of Aristotle if the doctrines attributed to him in that place are genuine. Let one take up Hegel's *History of Philosophy* by way of comparison and see what great thoughts are accredited there to Plato and Aristotle! Not merely "accredited," but ample quotations to show beyond a doubt that these two men saw the very root itself of all knowledge! If one is sceptical and still hesitates to believe such profound insight to be in the possession of the ancients, let him trace these doctrines down through the schools that sprang from Plato and Aristotle, and he will find that nothing else will explain their development. To the one who looks upon the doctrine of ideas in the light of such unwarrantable opinions as they are usually represented to be, the various schools of philosophy seem utterly fortuitous.

Certainly the greatest merit of a "text-book for colleges and higher schools" should be that it kindles enthusiasm for the study of the greatest intellects of the human race. But how rare a quality this is most people never know, from the fact that they grow up utterly ignorant that any higher philosophical knowledge exists, or that genius has left in an accessible form any such knowledge. If we try our author on the subject of the great Germans since Kant, we shall have still more occasion to wonder at the distortions which are set up for the systems of those men. Take, for instance, his statement of Hegel's doctrine of the "Concept [Begriff]" (p. 412). Hegel makes the concept everything and the individual nothing; he evolves the real world from the concept, to which he ascribes infinitude of elements and a power of self-development adequate to produce the boundless varieties of individual things. He adds, "Should it be said that this is a misconstruction of his doctrine; that he treats only of the relation of concepts one to another, and of individuals only so far as they are conceived or turned into concepts, the result is the same so far as our position is concerned; which is, that he does not concern himself with the relation of the concept to the individual, nor with the nature of the concept as a product of the mind, nor as a representative of concrete being, but treats it as an all-sufficing and independent entity." Again (p. 513), "Hegel began with being and making being equal to nothing." . . . "Sought to evolve all categories from one another, not only of thought but of material and spiritual existence." "Hegel's mistake was two-fold. He attempted to derive things from thoughts, or real from logical relations, instead of finding all logical, i. e., all generalized relations in those which are real." We are persuaded that no one who has given much study to Hegel can need to be told that these quotations show that Professor Porter totally misconceives the purport of the Hegelian doctrine; in fact, just inverts it. Instead of Hegel's considering being as the first principle from which the absolute "becomes" through a species of logical development (p. 425), Hegel most emphatically teaches that being is the most empty and inadequate of all principles, and that absolute Spirit is the true first, the true actual (*Encyc.* §83, §577, and elsewhere). This doctrine is endorsed by our author (p. 662) as his own. As regards deducing the real from the logical, the philosopher who holds like Hegel that absolute spirit is the true reality, and who holds the logical as the pure science in which all abstractions are shown to be inadequate to the expression of this highest truth, cannot justly be accused of setting a high value on abstractions. The prevalence of this error regarding Hegel does not serve to justify Professor Porter in repeating it. The appearance of works like Hutchison Sterling's *Secret of Hegel*, and the translations appearing in this country,

render this mistake more reprehensible than ever. It has been customary for one to take refuge behind the alleged obscurity of Hegel, but a student of ordinary diligence would have no difficulty in settling what Hegel did not mean from the twenty-eight pages given in the large *Logic* to showing the defects of the expression "Being and nothing are the same." Yet our author, on page 529 and elsewhere, sets up the same old man of straw so often set up before, and triumphs over it with new weapons. Fichte comes off no better, with the exception that he has very little space devoted to him. Schelling's identity and Leibnitz's monads are talked about as though the one was a crucible and the other were the fictitious atoms of Dalton's chemical theory. But any mention of these wonderful thinkers will, we trust, have some tendency to incite a study of the original works. And the more such study prevails the more impossible it will be for such caricatures of their systems to pass current. The work of Lewes will be supplanted by sound, systematic expositions. In this respect Professor Porter's book is a positive book compared with the *Biographical History of Philosophy*; for though it is inadequate to the portrayal of the highest thinkers, both ancient and modern, yet it is written with a firm belief in the vocation of the philosopher, and we have only to let this faith become prevalent in order to give us the original thinkers who shall solve our problems and reduce them to their proper rank in the historic series.

GERMAN AND FRENCH SCHOOL-BOOKS.*

THERE are very few books professing to give instruction in modern languages that can be examined with any degree of satisfaction. The majority of them are mere catchpennies, written by incompetent and needy teachers to attract attention and pupils. The pretentiousness of such works is usually very great and always in inverse ratio to their value. A goodly number at present in use in our schools might be cited as examples. We are, therefore, almost as much surprised when we meet with a really useful and valuable German or French grammar or exercise-book as we are when we find an instructor in either of these languages who knows his business. Is it not significant that in almost all schools the teacher of modern languages (when there is one) is the butt for all the jokes, practical and other, of the pupils, and that his lessons are regarded as farces, to be taken part in, or not, just as one chooses? How often do we hear people say: "I studied German for about three years, when I was at school, but I don't know a word of it now. Oh! yes I do, though; *Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" We had such fun in the class with old Müller. Didn't we torment the old fellow!" Yes, and the fault was old Müller's, who allowed his pupils to neglect their studies, and so to leave school without the key to one of the most important literatures of modern times—that one which contains more valuable works on letters, science, and art than all others put together. We have frequently called attention to the fact that no one in our day can lay any claim to the designation of learned who is not familiar with German and German works. Just think of a classical scholar unable to read Creutzer, Welcker, Preller, Overbeck, Böckh, Mommsen, Schwegler, Niebuhr, etc.!

As a means of promoting a rational study of German in this country, Worman's *Complete Grammar of the German Language* (1) gives us an opportunity, which we are very glad to seize, of speaking for once in commendatory terms. We have examined the book very carefully, and compared it with several similar productions now before us, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best grammar of German hitherto published in America. The author, well aware of the difficulty of his task, speaks of the results of his efforts in modest terms. Unlike those charlatans who pretend to give rules whereby the learner in an incredibly short space of time shall be enabled to pronounce German like a native, he says:

"Let it be understood that our attempt is not to teach pronunciation without the aid of a native teacher, but rather to aid the instructor in his task and to incite the student to a more attentive consideration of the subject than would be afforded by oral instruction only."

As this statement led us to expect, however, his rules for pronunciation are remarkably good, and easy of comprehension. As a proof of the care Mr. Worman has taken with his work, we may state that we submitted a few points in which it differs from most German grammars to the judgment of several learned Germans, and that in every case they agreed with him. It would take more space than we can well afford to enumerate all the merits of this book; we would, however, call special attention to the liberal use of darker type to mark words and inflexions requiring peculiar notice, to the completeness of the vocabulary, and to the sections on the use of the *Subjunctive Mode*, pp. 419, sq. The book is carefully printed on good paper; we have observed in it only one misprint. It is strongly bound, and presents a very neat and substantial appearance. We know nothing whatever of Mr. Worman, but we take this opportunity of publicly thanking him for a piece of honest work. Had it been of an inferior character, we can assure him he would have met with not even a shadow of mercy at our hands. But let praise be given where praise is due. If there is any case, above all others, in which criticism should be candid without regard to consequences, it is that of school-books.

Two very neat volumes edited and partially compiled by Mr. L. Pylodet, *Beginning German* (2), and *A New Guide to German Conversation* (3), though not of such decided superiority as Mr. Worman's production, are still very creditable. The former is intended to impart to pupils a certain facility in the use of German words and phrases before they enter upon the study of the grammar. It is almost a reprint of a work of Dr. Emil Otto's, who writes a short preface in rather questionable taste. He says: "The pupil should occupy himself with them [the exercises] about two months only, after which he should procure

* 1. *A Complete Grammar of the German Language; with Exercises, Readings, Conversations, Paradigms, and an adequate Vocabulary.* By James H. Worman, A.M. New York: Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 1868.

2. *Beginning German. Lessons Introductory to the Study of the German Language; with a Vocabulary, Select Phrases for German Conversation, and Reading Lessons.* By Dr. Emil Otto, Professor of Modern Languages, and Lecturer at the University of Heidelberg; author of the *German Conversation-Grammar, French Conversation-Grammar*, etc. First American Edition, with additional Reading Matter and Notes, arranged by L. Pylodet. New York: Leypoldt & Holt; F. W. Christern. 1869.

3. *New Guide to German Conversation; containing an Alphabetical List of nearly Eight Hundred Familiar Words similar in Orthography or Sound, and of the same Meaning in both Languages, followed by Exercises; a Classified Vocabulary of Words in Frequent Use; Familiar Phrases and Dialogues; a Sketch of German Literature; Idiomatic Expressions; Proverbs, Letters, etc.; and a Synopsis of German Grammar. Arranged from the Works of Whitcomb, Dr. Emil Otto, Flaceman, and others.* By L. Pylodet, *ut supra*.

4. *Amerikanisches Lesebuch für Schule und Haus, angeschlossen an Saler's zweites Lesebuch.* Von Ludwig Soldan. St. Louis, Mo. Druck und Verlag von F. Saler. 1868.

5. *Premières Lectures. Beginner's French Reader. Short and Easy Pieces in Prose and Verse, with a Complete Vocabulary.* Arranged by L. Pylodet. New York: Leypoldt & Holt; F. W. Christern. 1869.

Otto's German Conversation-Grammar—New York: Leypoldt & Holt." Dr. Otto is one of the most successful teachers of modern languages, and he might very well afford to let his works stand upon their own merits, without turning his prefaces into advertisements. The exercises are well chosen and graded, and are followed by a synopsis of German grammar which, we believe, will prove useful to beginners. The same synopsis is printed from the same types in the other little volume, which is out and out the best German conversation book we have seen. This is not saying much, however, and we must here again enter our protest against all works intended to supply the too common demand for a mere smattering of knowledge. We should think Mr. Pylodet is not a German; if he were, he would hardly have penned such a phrase as *Ich werde es Sie wissen lassen* (p. 114). Apart from the fact that the two pronouns *Sie* and *es* are transposed—which might be a fault of the printers—there is something so awkward and un-German about the phrase that we are surprised to see it here. Nearly the same remarks apply to *Wollen Sie ihn es thun lassen?* (ib.). *Ich wollte zu Ihnen* and *Gehen Sie zu* are not elegant German. However, generally the volume is free from faults and well adapted to its purposes. The sketch of German literature which it contains might prove useful both to persons who have no need to learn German or who never intend to learn it.

Soldan's *Amerikanisches Lesebuch für Schule und Haus* (4), though not remarkably well printed or got up, is a large collection of pieces in prose and verse, very likely to prove both entertaining and useful. It is such a book as we should like to see in the hands of boys or girls during their leisure hours. It opens with a number of tales sure to find readers of all ages. Then come some very useful chapters on German grammar, and then a series of pieces relating to America, followed by another series relating to Europe. A few pieces having reference to other divisions of the globe bring us to the end of the volume, which consists of four hundred and eighty-seven pages of closely printed matter. As far as the choice of subjects and extracts is concerned, we have nothing to say of Mr. Soldan's book which is not commendatory. Though it contains many pieces familiar to every German, the larger portion of it consists of new matter peculiarly suited to Germans living in America. The authors laid under contribution are numerous, and nearly all distinguished men. The compiler has not always taken care to use the best editions, a circumstance that impairs the value of his work a little. For example, he has given the first verse of the third stanza of Louise Brachmann's famous poem of *Columbus* thus:

"Du gibst uns nicht Speise, so gib uns dein Blut!"
"Blut!" riefen die Schrecklichen, "Blut!"
Sanft stellte der Grosse dem Felsenmuth
Entgegen der stürmenden Fluth."

We do not know what the mark of interrogation at the end of the first line means, but we are sure that there is no good ear but will be offended by the rhyming together of all the four lines. In the ordinary edition the second and fourth lines read:

"Blut," rief das entzückte Heer.
Entgegen dem stürmenden Meer;"

readings which remove all difficulty. We might cite several similar cases. The book contains a few articles and translations by the compiler, and of these we must speak in terms of strong vituperation. The translations, in particular, are carelessly executed in detestable and often ungrammatical German. In a short passage translated from Washington Irving, headed *Ein Besuch bei den Präriehunden* (A visit to the prairie dogs), and occupying, exclusive of the illustration, only about a page, we have counted twelve inaccuracies. In another article, which seems to be original, *Der Werth einer freien Regierung* (The value of a free government), we have marked quite a large number, whereof we shall instance but two. On page 269, par. 2, stands the phrase—"die sich mittels Fleiss und Talent hinaufgeschwungen hatten zu ihrer hohen Stellung," instead of *die sich durch Fleiss und Talent zu ihrer hohen Stellung hinaufgeschwungen hatten*. Mr. Soldan knows as well as anybody that *mittels* or *mittelst* is followed by the genitive case: cf. rule on page 86. On page 286, *mittels gebrochenen Latein* stands, we presume, for *mittels gebrochenen Lateins*, which would be correct. He tells us that education had done nothing for George III., *um seinen Verstand zu vergrößern*. We should be surprised if it had. Education does not pretend *den Verstand zu vergrößern*, although it does a good deal *um ihn zu entwickeln*. *Abgeordneten* is not the indefinite plural of *Abgeordneter* (p. 268). *Lugaus* (look-out, p. 256) is Swiss German for *Spähe*, and *gaben den Alarm* (ib.) and *Farmerknabe* are not German at all. We are sorry to have to point out these shortcomings in an otherwise good book. We hope Mr. Soldan, in his next edition, will revise or even rewrite his own contributions, and thus show that he practises what he preaches.

Mr. Pylodet's *Beginner's French Reader* (5) is just what such a book ought to be. The pieces are short, instructive, amusing, and suited to the comprehension of children. There is in it a pleasant alternation of prose and verse. The volume is very neatly printed in large, clear type, and the illustrations are considerably above the average. What would we not have given for such a book when we were children!

LIBRARY TABLE.

MADAME THERESE; or, The Volunteers of '92. By MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.—The high praise bestowed both here and abroad upon this work awakened expectations which its perusal has fully justified. The preface—which, like the overture to an opera, is always written after the completion of the main work—unlocks the mystery which has hitherto encircled the name or names of Erckmann-Chatrian, and discloses a literary brotherhood established in college days, and lasting through many years; a union of minds wherein there is "difference without discord;" a perfect harmony of feeling pleasant to contemplate and highly commendable to these intellectual *collaborateurs*. The story of Madame Thérèse attracts by its simplicity and straightforwardness. It takes us into a world of its own, into a country town among common country people, of primitive tastes and habits. The principal events—and these are few—occur in and near the house of Dr. Jacob Wagner, the uncle of Little Fritz, who is supposed to tell the story on whose

slender threads hang some eccentric details of village life. Ordinary characters and familiar incidents are invested with peculiar interest. The good old doctor is a man of influence in the village, and round his hospitable board the blacksmith, the burgomaster, the mole-catcher, and others assemble twice a week to hear the *Frankfort Gazette* read aloud (for they would not subscribe to it), and then pass the remainder of the evening in talking politics. The mole-catcher expresses his opinion that—

"All that ought to happen, happens. Since these republicans have driven away their lords and their priests, it was so ordained in Heaven from the beginning of time: 'God willed it.' Now, whether they return or not depends upon what the Lord God wills. If He chooses to raise the dead, that depends on Him alone."

The others state their views each after his fashion—the burgomaster hoping that neither republicans nor Prussians nor imperialists would pass through the village, for, being all hungry and thirsty, they might make sad havoc with his bread and wine. His quiet is not destined to be of long duration, for in November of the memorable year 1793 a small body of republicans enter the little village of Anstatt, and help themselves freely to all the provisions they find. Among them the somewhat imposing figure of Madame Thérèse appears; not the commonly recognized stage *vivandière*, dressed in fancy costume, beating a toy drum, and singing sentimental and inappropriate songs; but a serious, earnest woman, zealous in the cause of the Republic, uttering few words and doing good work. An engagement takes place in the village square between the soldiers and a division of Croats, who are speedily followed by the Austrians. Among the republicans left dead and dying in the streets is the body of Madame Thérèse, guarded by her faithful dog; and Dr. Wagner, finding that life is not quite extinct, has her conveyed to his house, where he tends her until she recovers. Subsequently the good doctor has occasion to journey some distance from home, and during his absence he meets the colonel of the regiment to which Madame Thérèse had been attached. On his return he recounts the conversation they had together, and says:

"He spoke of a certain *Citoyenne Thérèse*, a sort of Cornelia, known in all the army of the Moselle, and whom the soldiers call 'the *Citoyenne*.' Ha! ha! ha! It seems that the *Citoyenne* does not lack a certain courage." And turning to Lisbeth and me, "Imagine that one day when the leader of their battalion had just been killed in trying to urge on his men, and when a bridge must be crossed which was defended by a battery and two Prussian regiments, and all the oldest republicans, the most terrible among those courageous men, recoiled—imagine the *Citoyenne Thérèse* taking the flag, and marching all alone across the bridge, telling her little brother Jean to beat the charge before her, as before an army; which produced such an effect upon the republicans that they all rushed forward at once, and took the cannons."

The character of Madame Thérèse is admirably drawn; with all her courage and energy, she is thoroughly womanly, active and unwearied in doing men's work when occasion calls for it, yet equally content to busy herself in helping old Lisbeth to mend the linens and attend to the house. Several other persons appear to advantage in the course of the narrative, and none more so than faithful Scipio. It is a sign of a healthy reaction in public taste when so simple a story meets with such marked success, for romance and popular sensationalism are as foreign to its pages as were the luxuries and dissipations of the court of Versailles to the inhabitants of Anstatt; and yet the interest never declines.

The work of translation is a laborious and a thankless one, and the difficulty of conveying with clearness and precision the delicate shades of an author's meaning by no means slight. It is not always possible to find expressions in one tongue exactly equivalent to those in another. We are happy to see, therefore, that in clothing the present story with an English dress Miss Forten has not only rendered the language but the thoughts of the author. She has conscientiously done her duty, and we look forward with pleasure to the fulfilment of the promise implied at the close of the present volume.

Gutzkow's Uriel Acosta. Tragedy in Five Acts. Translated by W. J. Tuska. New York: G. Van der Potendyk & W. Cahn, Printers. 1867.—In a note which is dated October 8, 1868, and which, since its receipt, we have been struggling heroically but vainly, by dint of daily perusals, fully to comprehend, Mr. Tuska appears to take us severely to task for omitting to pass upon his translation, and thus "make him cognizant of the inferiority or superiority of his work." Having made out thus much of his meaning, we are in a position to offer him our amplest and sincerest apologies for an unavoidable delay. A tragedy in five acts, he must remember, is not to be read and passed upon in a day, even when it is written in English; and a tragedy in five acts written by Gutzkow, in Coptic, for aught we know, and translated by Tuska into an entirely new and original dialect which he seems to have invented for the occasion, is hardly to be read at all. When we have thoroughly mastered what we may, perhaps, be permitted to call the translator's Tuskan (which in a year or two we hope to do), we shall endeavor to give him the judgment he desires. In the meantime we leave it to the impartial reader if we are not justified in declining, without some preparation, to decide upon the merit of a work which opens with the following remarkable, and to us, as yet, only partially intelligible conversation:

ACT I. SCENE I.

(LIBRARY OF DE SILVA, TWILIGHT.)
DE SILVA AND BEN JOCHAI.
SILVA.

(Opening the middle door and admitting Jochai.)

You think to escape me thus again? Oh No!
You've passed the threshold, now you stay, Ben Jochai! Home, at last!
A physician—oh painful profession!
Excuse me, if you were obliged to wait!

(after having taken off his hat he extends his hands to Jochai.)

Welcome then in Amsterdam.

JOCHAI.
De Silva, I thank you!
DE SILVA.

And how changed you return than since sixteen months you parted!
By the foreign sun you have swiftly been matured, upon this spot here before my books, I pressed
The parting kiss upon the unwrinkled forehead of a youth. You return as a man!
Aye more, Ben Jochai, upon that brow I read sorrow—has the home, the new home,
Greeted you the richest heir of Holland in an unfriendly mood?

JOCHAI.

It is Amsterdam, as I left it. The young free spirit strengthened,—
Of old Spanish sufferings quickly consoled by the fortune in commerce, but in this fortune,
In this exorbitant confusion of her ports, in this pride of self-gained liberty, there is
Still for us, sons of Israel, as formerly, the tolerating gentle acceptance.

SILVA.

Commerce values the money, which our nation, while flying hither from Spain and Portugal have concealed from the fraternity. And do you wish to see more deeply into it, we are suffered, according to our own will, in Amsterdam, for two reasons.—Smile, Jochai! Aye! Aye! Still de Silva endeavors to divide that wisely what is to be made evident.

Perhaps if Mr. Tuska would secure the aid of a competent interpreter to put his gibberish into English, it might facilitate his reviewers and shorten his suspense. In default of that he would do well to apply himself to the study of the language he proposes to enrich with the spoils of Gutzkow's genius. It may take time, but Mr. Tuska is evidently young, and the world, we dare say, will still go round, even if Gutzkow remained untranslated.

Nature's Nobleman. By the author of *Rachel's Secret*, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.—With abundant materials for the construction of several novels the author of this work has not succeeded in making one good story. And yet he is by no means deficient in imagination, for the book is overstocked with incidents, and contains scenes and passages which show that he can touch the finer and more plaintive cords of the heart with a true and delicate hand; but as a whole his composition is defective. A powerful interest is awakened by the peculiar positions of the characters and by the mystery which surrounds them, of which no adequate explanation is ever given; and the reader, whose attention has been painfully excited, arrives at the end of the book without having his curiosity gratified. The author excels rather in the delineation of character than in the construction of plot; in the latter, much trouble is taken to bring about a combination of circumstances resulting in nothing, but all the personages claim our attention, and some of them enlist our warmest sympathies. The hero claims more respect than admiration, and little Jocelyne is very charming, but Beatrice is superior to her surroundings, and Dr. Paul is by far the most finished character in the book. One scene between him and Beatrice is very fine, and awakens expectations in which the reader is doomed to be disappointed. The inner life of these two beings would suffice for the ground-work of a very interesting romance.

The Diseases of Sheep. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1868.—We candidly confess that on first taking up Mr. Clot's little veterinary manual our misgivings that we should prove unequal to the bucolic task were very vivid. Had it been an erudite treatise on asses, fast trotters, cochon chinas, frogs, or bumble-bees, we might have imitated the Selborne naturalist or the witty author of a *Voyage autour de mon jardin*—which, by the way, we never remember to have seen in an American dress—and delivered ourselves of sundry lively and learned remarks; but sheep, whether in the abstract or the concrete, as chops or joints, roast or boiled, with or without the due accompaniments of sauce and capers, we decidedly cut. Glancing at the contents before us, we are horrified to find the poor creatures subject to such dreadful things as staggers, itch, scab, pox, foot-rot, fluke, dropsy, lung-worms, and maggots. Henceforth, ye juicy Southdowns, avant !

Poems. By Richard F. Mathews. London, C. W. Dawson & Bro. 1869.—From a cursory inspection of a dingy little volume, evidently belonging to that suspicious class of publications "printed for the Author," we infer that a Canadian gentleman, gifted with more money than brains, has deemed it well to invest a small portion of the former in the easy and inexpensive task of proving his entire lack of the latter. We congratulate him on his success, and advise him to burn his *Poems*.

Foul Play, and Hard Cash. By Charles Reade. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.—These are the first two volumes of a household edition of the works of this popular writer now being published by the well-known Boston firm of Fields, Osgood & Co. They are compact, handy little volumes in neat cloth bindings, well got up, and worthy of a large sale.

Sketches for the Fireside. By Rose Phillips. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1869.—A small collection of dreary juvenile stories dedicated to the young ladies of the Steuben Female Seminary, who must be dreadfully dull indeed if they feel flattered by the compliment.

Recollections of the West. By H. M. Brackenridge. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The "West" here referred to is restricted to Ohio, Missouri, and Maryland. The author says: "This volume may be thought somewhat dull and uninteresting. The reader will find nothing marvellous in its incidents, nothing improbable, nothing that is not strictly true." Many readers will, however, take much interest in following the writer's experiences. To the *Recollections* is added an appendix of upwards of fifty pages, mainly occupied with a speech by the author on the Jew Bill before Congress in 1819.

The Sure Resting-place. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is a small, neatly-printed compilation of the sayings of Jesus contained in the four evangels, classified under various heads as *The Sabbath, Almsgiving, Riches, Divorce, etc.* The result is rather unsatisfactory, as the disservice of the sayings from the sacred context robs them often of much of their force. As exhibiting, however, in a compact form the teachings of our Lord on any particular point, the work will be found useful. The table of contents is pretty full, but an index of texts would be an improvement.

The Talisman. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is a cheap reissue of the Waverley novels. The paper is of medium quality, the type, though small, distinct, and the text much freer from typographical blunders than the average of cheap editions.

The Pacha of Many Tales. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is one of Captain Marryatt's series of popular sea stories, and is presented in a very readable form.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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| CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia.— <i>Sketches for the Fireside.</i> By Rose Phillips. Pp. 187. 1869. | ORANGE JUDD & Co., New York.— <i>How Crops Grow.</i> By Samuel W. Johnson, M.A. Pp. 394. 1869. |
| FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co., Boston.— <i>Hard Cash.</i> By Charles Reade. Household Edition. Pp. 415. 1869. | I. S. HEMAN, JR., New York.— <i>Merchants and Bankers' Almanac.</i> |
| <i>Foul Play: a Novel.</i> By Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault. Household Edition. Pp. 245. 1869. | KELLY, PIET & Co., Baltimore.— <i>Early History of Maryland.</i> By R. McSherry, M.D. Pp. 169. 1869. |
| HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.— <i>Cast up by the Sea.</i> By Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S. Complete, with ten illustrations by Huard. Pp. 419. 1869. | HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.— <i>Shakespeare's Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, and the Merchant of Venice, as produced by Edwin Booth.</i> |
| | A. EYRICH, New Orleans.— <i>The Heroine of the Confederacy: or, Truth and Justice.</i> By Miss Florence J. O'Connor. Pp. 408. 1869. |

PAMPHLETS.

We have received: Once a Month: Medical and Surgical Reporter; The Little Corporal; The American Agricultural Annual; The Maine Journal of Education; American Naturalist; Every Saturday: Little's Living Age; The Radical; Vick's Illustrated Catalogue and Floral Guide; The Month; The Biblical Repository and Princeton Review; The Church Monthly.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER.

WHO laughs too much? They say girls do, but we have never believed it. To our ears the laughter of girls is as musical as it was to Byron's, and as symbolic of all that is young and fresh and dewy and *alive*. We are sure this connection between life and laughter is not enough thought of by our dyspeptic and saturnine yet life-loving generation. They would live long and happily, and yet neglect one of the soundest means of doing so. Forgetting that Democritus lived to a hundred and three, that there is a proverb in every tongue equivalent to our English "laugh and grow fat," and that the greatest of the physiologists concur in recommending innocent mirth as a specific for long life, our people scowl and mope on, cultivate cheerlessness almost as De Quincey proposed to do murder—as a fine art, and are hardly induced even by the extravagancies of opera bouffe to relax into a grim smile. Laugh too much, indeed! Nobody laughs enough! Lady Gay Spanker wished that all nature had but one mouth that she might kiss it, and if our whole community had but one equally assailable spot—it is under the arms with children—that some benevolent laughing philosopher might daily tickle it, it would be the better for national spirits, digestion, and longevity. Such a wholesale invigorant might be applied in a fairy tale, but alas! how could it happen in prosaic reality? We see lucky individuals constantly who seem regularly to be subjected to just such a process. We see Palmestons and Broughams in their ninth decades tossing up jest after jest, and flashing and coruscating with more than the gayety of boys of forty. We see a Bryant—and rejoice to see it—growing more genial and gladsome with every year that he grows older. These men know the secret of life. They have been taught by Gossamer, the Laughing Philosopher, and, like his, their shibboleth is Laugh—Laugh when you can.

Some think this nexus between mirth and health is only indirect and sympathetic—that a contented mind makes a sound body, and so on. The influence is more subtle yet more direct than this. The muscular action of laughter is a positive sanitary exercise. It gives a fillip to the system and rouses from lethargy the slumbering functions. The natural condition—we may hope of soul as of body and mind—is one of active, positive pleasure. Mere sleep is negative. The true antidote to pain is not torpor, but pleasure; and this may justify the assumption of some of those who have deeply studied the subject of anæsthetics, that the one which gives absolute pleasure is preferable to the one that merely induces insensibility. If it be true that the more moments of merriment we have the longer and happier will be our lives—that pain shortens and embitters life we already know—the process of turning moments of agony into moments of delight should have a double effect, and do what the companies fail to do by insuring our lives at compound interest. It must be from this point of view that Dr. Colton is the genuine Modern Democritus—the real laughing philosopher—who is to do for us by tickling what Lady Gay Spanker meant to do for nature by kissing; and whose Nitrous Oxide or Protoxide of Nitrogen is the true fountain which is destined to rejuvenate and keep alive mankind.

Laughing gas, as we understand it, is not a Lethe. People do not become oblivious to pleasure when they take it; they only forget pain. A prejudice once existed that it was sometimes dangerous, and so perhaps it might have been if badly administered, or in very exceptional cases. People have been known to die for joy, so that we need not deny the possibility of perishing through beatific inhalation. Yet none have died of more than thirty-two thousand who are said, in about five years, to have taken the laughing gas as administered by the Colton Dental Association; and certainly there is no such favorable record of ether or chloroform. It would really seem that this agent had been mercifully sent to relieve our nerve-taxed and depressed community, to enable them not to bear suffering alone but to secrete joy, and so in a manner to make up for the extraordinary waste of vital energy which the exigencies of modern civilization appear to demand. At no former period in history—so far as we can judge by human records—has any agent like this or the magnetic telegraph been known to the race. Like the latter wonderful invention, the Nitrous Oxide appears to have awaited its proper epoch, and, like it, to have uses and effects altogether unprecedented and unexpected. The one carries messages of instruction and intelligence to the furthestmost ends of the earth, the other bears glad tidings of immunity from pain through every vein and along every nerve of the exhausted and suffering body.

There is a lesson to be learned in contemplating the peculiar benefits of this mysterious anæsthetic—a lesson that none are too old and wise, or too young and healthy to forego. We see in all creation how natural demands are satisfied. The yearnings for beauty, for lovely sights and sounds, for succulent tastes and pleasant odors, are all provided for, can all be satisfied. Now our lives, energetic, useful, often conscientious, as they may be, are nationally speaking deficient in the element of joyousness. There is a natural craving for this, just as there is for beautiful sights and sounds. But we have suppressed and covered it over with exaggerated Puritan dogmas and hard utilitarianism. We need to reform this abnormal and unhappy condition. We need to cultivate the habit of cheerfulness just as we do that of physical exercise. We need to enlarge our capacity for wholesome pleasure, to cultivate even the habit of laughter, to remember always that a beneficent Creator placed us here not alone to suffer, but to enjoy. We shall be a much more contented, if not a more prosperous, people when we learn to laugh, not as Pope says "where we must," but with the same Gossamer we have quoted, "when we can."

TABLE-TALK.

RITUALISM, which appears to be making considerable headway on our own soil, has received a severe legal check in England by the recent decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, on the charges brought against Mr. Mackonochie, the incumbent of St. Albans, London. The ritualists contended that the Liturgy and Canons of the Church allowed the minister much freedom and discretion in conducting divine service, and that so long as nothing was introduced contrary to the spirit of the Prayer-book and primitive Catholic custom, their position was perfectly legal. But the judgment of the highest tribunal is against them. It is now laid down that in the performance of divine worship in the Church of England the rubrics, etc., must be strictly observed,

no omission and no addition can be permitted, except so far as they are merely subservient to the authorized parts of the service. The result of the decision is that the celebrant of the Eucharist in the English Church is now forbidden to kneel, except as all the communicants kneel, when he himself receives the elements; he is forbidden to prostrate himself before the bread and wine; he is forbidden to raise the chalice and the paten to his head in token of adoration; he is forbidden to light candles on the altar by way of symbolizing that the "light of the world" is present on the altar; he is forbidden to mingle water with the wine in token of the mingling of the water and blood which flowed from the side of Christ; he is forbidden to "cense" the vessels used for the consecration; he would be, we imagine, forbidden to change his vestments during the service, with special reference to any view of the character of the acts in progress; in a word, he is forbidden to express his feeling about the "real presence" by any act or word not prescribed in the rubrics. The effect of this judgment will be at once apparent. The High Church services will be everywhere shorn of their attractions, and possibly some few of the ultra-school may cross the Rubicon for Rome. But, like a two-edged sword, it cuts both ways. The bulk of English churches, especially in the rural districts, fall as much below as the ritualists have gone beyond the rubrics, and the decision will have the effect of bringing them up sharply to the legal standard. This is the only consolatory thought in which the ritualist can indulge as he writes "Ichabod" over the portals of the sanctuary.

No class of men are more irascible than the philologists. Whether the constant diving into musty volumes in search of elusive roots has any stimulating action on the liver, or tends in some subtle, unknown way to develop the organ of pugnacity, we know not, but a word of dubious etymology sets the whole tribe at loggerheads, and proves a perpetual bone of contention. A writer in the *London Athenæum* thus returns to the charge as to the derivation of the term *Lollards*, by which the early pioneers of the Protestant reformation were popularly designated: "The derivation of *Lollard* from *lollum*, tares, is nearly as far from the mark as that from *lollen*, to sing. Any reader of early English knows that *Lollard* is the late English spelling of the Latin *lollardus*. But what is *lollardus*? It is a Latin spelling of the old English *loller*, used by Chaucer and Langland. The real meaning of *loller* is one who *lolls* about, a vagabond; and it was equally applied, at first, to the Wycliffites and to the *begging friars*. But before long *loller* was *purposely* confused with the Latin *lollum*, by a kind of pun. The derivation of *loller* from *to loll* rests on no slight authority. It is most distinctly discussed and explained, and its etymology declared by no less a person than Langland himself, who lived at the time it came into use."

SOME interesting statistics of New York are given in *Christian Work in the Metropolis*. The population of the city in 1860 was 813,669; in 1865, according to the state census, 726,386. There are 54,338 dwelling-houses, 18,582 being tenant houses, containing 486,000 persons. \$7,000,000 are spent yearly in amusements; \$24,000,000 raised in city taxes; \$3,000,000 expended on education, and \$2,600,000 on the police. The churches, etc., number 430, with accommodations for 300,000 people. Sabbath-schools number 381, with an attendance of 117,450. The attendance at the public schools is 96,294, and at private schools probably 25,000 more. Nearly 50,000 children never go to school at all.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Springfield Republican*, after quoting an interesting extract from Howitt's *Visit to Remarkable Places* descriptive of a couple of old velocipedes, kept as curiosities in Alnwick Castle, England, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, says of the velocipede of to-day:

"Time alone will show whether this is to be one of the discoveries which 'for a short period are much in vogue' or like Stevens's model of the steam engine—of lasting benefit to the race. Every one has heard the story of the above-mentioned Scotchman who brought his small model before the British Parliament, exhibiting its parts and enlarging on its capabilities; when his enthusiasm was met by the quiet query from one of the parliamentary committee: 'But, Mr. Stevens, suppose your machine can, as you say, propel a carriage over straight rails at the rate of ten or even fifteen miles an hour; what if you were to meet a cow? You could not turn out for her!' 'Bad for the cow!' replied the imperturbable Scot."

And equally as bad, we may add, for our correspondent, for it so happens that the owner of the engine model was George Stephenson, and not "Stevens," that he was not a Scotchman at all, and that the anecdote is so mutilated as to destroy the point of his reply. We advise the writer to be careful in future against being tripped up by a "cow."

AN amusing instance of "pot calling kettle" occurs in our contemporary the *Independent*. The writer of an article in the current number on *Goldwin Smith* grows eloquently indignant over political corruption in England. "No words," he says, "can exaggerate the base influence of money at the English elections. To get into the English Parliament without spending money is, in any case, an impossibility." And he adds, "This is not the case in other countries," citing France and Prussia to the contrary. We really regret that the writer could not triumphantly appeal to the example of this country too, but in view of certain recent proceedings at Albany perhaps he felt some conscientious misgivings. There is a little text somewhere about the "beam" and the "mote" which our contemporary has inadvertently overlooked.

THE Senate has been amused by a memorial praying for the appointment of a phrenologist to insure that all candidates for internal revenue appointments are quite free from any protuberance indicative of a love of greenbacks or whiskey. The idea is an excellent one, but why confine the benefits of phrenology to the revenue department? Why not subject senators and representatives to the same ordeal, and make the organ of acquisitiveness a disqualification for Congressional honors? Nay, why not attach an "able phrenologist" to our national conventions, and reject all candidates for the Presidency whose bumps are not properly developed?

LAST Sunday, Mr. Frothingham very judiciously discouraged the idea of sending aid to the Cretans on the ground of their being an oppressed nationality. He said, first, that it was not true that the Cretans were or had been actually oppressed by the Turks, or that the latter were as a people given to persecuting others on religious grounds; secondly, that the Cretans are in no wise superior to the Turks or to their semi-barbarous method of government, and, therefore, cannot suffer particularly from contact with them; and, thirdly, that we all know very well that the Greeks as a people are unstable and untrustworthy, and that the dream of Greek nationality has faded from the European mind before an increasing experience of these characteristics. The only claim the Cretans have upon

our sympathy is that of a destitution which is pitiable. To that claim we ought to respond, but it does not seem very easy to prevent the funds that are intended to buy food from so stimulating the hopes of the people as to induce them to protract a disastrous warfare.

FELT & DILLINGHAM, Broome Street, New York, announce a series of representative biographies, including the *Life and Career of Lord Brougham*, with extracts from his speeches and notices of his contemporaries, the *Public Life of Queen Victoria*, and biographies of *Disraeli*, *Gladstone*, and *John Bright*.

MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT & Co. write to the *London Athenæum* complaining of Harper & Bros. issuing cheap editions of Mr. Dilke's *Greater Britain* and Mr. Trollope's *North America*—works which the Lippincotts had been "authorized" to publish.

Once a Week has some pious reflections on the subject of mince-pies. The elongated oval shape of the dainty, it seems, represents the manger in which the infant Saviour was laid, the mince-meat symbolizing the offerings of the wise men. Master Jack, home for the holidays, will be interested that antiquarian precedent can be appealed to for regarding the consumption of mince-pies as a religious duty; it was once, indeed, a test of orthodoxy which the Christians were fond of applying to the Jews. The twelve days, from Christmas Day to Twelfth Day, are the only true and legitimate days on which mince-pies should be eaten—at the rate of one a day—and each of these twelve days will insure a happy month in the coming year.

UNDER Isabella the island of Cuba was made to yield an annual revenue of 33 millions of dollars; in the year 1867 the amount extorted actually reached 60 millions. All this money flowed into the royal treasury at Madrid, while the Cuban officials were badly paid, the roads neglected, and education left to take care of itself. No wonder the Cubans desire to sever so unprofitable a connection.

THE movement for the higher culture of women is active in Scotland. Both in Edinburgh and Glasgow lectures on English literature, logic, mental philosophy and experimental physics, are being delivered with gratifying results.

ABRAHAM COOPER, the oldest member of the London Royal Academy, and formerly famous for his horses and battle-pieces, is dead at the age of eighty-two. His first work, the "Farrier's Shop," was exhibited as early as 1812.

ENGLAND is likely soon to adopt the standard French musical pitch, the refusal of Sims Reeves to sing at the London Sacred Harmonic Society's concerts while the present high pitch is maintained having brought matters to crisis.

HERR RUBINSTEIN is flying through northern Europe, and creating a sensation wherever he may alight. He has been lately playing in Moscow, Hamburg, and Königsberg. He began the year with two concerts in St. Petersburg; but on the 5th of January he commences another *tournee* in East Prussia, then proceeds to Dresden, and afterwards to Belgium, taking Hanover and Brunswick on the way.

A SCOTCH ENGINEER has discovered a method of producing intense light with common coal gas by mixing it with atmospheric air. Under ordinary conditions the introduction diminishes the illuminating power but greatly increases the heat of a gas flame. In the new plan the mixture of gases is lighted after passing through a tissue of irridio-platina wires, the metal soon becomes heated, the flame disappears, and a vivid white light is the result. It will burn, it is said, in a gale of wind without protection, and a downfall of rain will not quench it.

THE *London Imperial Review* has ceased to exist. It was a vigorous Conservative organ, including on its staff many able and prominent writers, and its discontinuance is solely to be attributed to the apathy and neglect of the party it served, which has hitherto failed to discover the political necessity of supporting its own organs.

AMONG the literary announcements of the day we notice that the library of the ill-advised and ill-fated Maximilian of Austria will shortly be sold by auction at Leipzig. It is said to contain many curious and rare MSS., a unique collection of books illustrating the history of Mexico, and the *first six books printed in America*.

ONE of the first propositions made to Mr. Bright in his new character of President of the Board of Trade was by a Scotch gentleman, who directed the "attention of his great mind" to a proposal to "clear the seas of bottle-nosed whales and porpoises." Mr. Bright's "great mind" could not comprehend the feasibility of the scheme.

THE *Anglo-American Times* is publishing a series of able articles on *British Emigration to America*, in which the superior advantages of the United States over the colonial possessions of Great Britain are very forcibly pointed out. If the British provincial press could only be induced to copy them, the papers would have considerable influence in increasing the tide of immigration to these shores.

HERR FORMES, the well known bass, is said to be about to appear in England as an actor of Shakespearian characters. He has been very successful in some of these presentations in Germany. Shylock is to be the subject of his first essay.

MR. FECHTER, of the London Adelphi, is reported to be in a very bad state of health. His physician prescribes complete and prolonged rest from all professional labors.

ENCOURAGED by the success which attended the series of articles in the *Saturday Review* on the *Girl of the Period*, the *London Daily Telegraph* has started a correspondence on *Young Men*, which the *John Bull* characterizes as "exceedingly trite and commonplace though true enough."

DR. W. H. RUSSELL is to attend the visit of the Prince of Wales to Egypt as special correspondent for the *Times*. Among other things he is especially to describe the Suez canal.

CHARLES DICKENS is giving a new reading in London, the episode of Nancy's murder from *Oliver Twist*. The *Times* regards it as Mr. Dickens's greatest success in this line.

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CHESS.

WE hope that the Directing Committee of the Grand International Chess Congress to be held at Baden during the present year will adopt some measures providing for a speedier publication of the transactions of the Congress than has hitherto been the case at similar gatherings. Whatever may be the reason, it certainly is a fact, that in the event of any such important meeting being held, the games, problems, and general report of the proceedings never appear in book form until long after all interest in the affair has died out.

The book of the American Chess Congress, for example, which, had it appeared two or three months (instead of nearly two years), after the close of the tournament, would have had an immense sale, fell quite flat; and probably the book of the Paris Congress of 1867 will meet with the same fate. We think this is a subject worthy the consideration of the managing committee of an International Chess Congress, as no doubt some means could be devised to insure a more prompt issue of the transactions of the meeting.

In the pending tournament at the Café Europa, Division Street, upward of 500 games have already been played, so that in all probability before another week has elapsed the question as to who is to carry off the first prize will be virtually decided. At present the chances are altogether in favor of Mr. Delmar, who, as will be seen from the score given below, is far ahead of all other competitors, some of whom from want of practice have scarcely done justice to their previous reputation:

Mr. Delmar wins 52 games.	Loses 8.
" Bennecke " 13 "	" 3.
" Robins " 32 "	" 8.
" F. Perrin " 27 "	" 8.
" Mason " 33 "	" 9.

GAME XVI.

The ensuing brilliant specimen of the Evans Gambit occurred between Messrs. Delmar and Barnett in the Tournament now in progress at the Café Europa:

WHITE—Mr. D.	BLACK—Dr. B.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. Kt to KB3	2. Kt to QB3
3. B to QB4	3. B to QB4
4. P to QKt4	4. B takes P
5. P to QB3	5. B to QB4
6. Castles	6. P to Q3
7. P to Q4	7. P takes P
8. P takes P	8. B to QKt3
9. P to Q5	9. Kt to QR4
10. B to Q3	10. Kt to K2
11. B to QKt3	11. Castles
12. Kt to QB3	12. Kt to Kt3
13. Kt to K2	13. P to KB3
14. Q to Q2	14. P to QB4
15. QR to QB	15. B to Q2

Black ought now, we believe, to have played his Kt to K4

It has not yet been satisfactorily decided whether it is better to capture the Knight with the Queen's Pawn or with the Bishop's Pawn. In the present situation we should have preferred taking with Bishop's Pawn.

An ill-judged move which exposes Black to an almost irresistible attack. By playing instead B to QKt4 it appears to us that he would have considerably improved his game.

Very well played; if King takes Rook the reply of Q to Q5 ch, followed by Bishop takes Rook's Pawn, is speedily fatal.

21. R takes KBP	21. B to QB2
22. P to Q6	22. B to QKt3
23. B to QB3	23. R to KB2
24. QR to KB	24. B to K3
25. P to K5	
26. R takes R	25. P takes KP
27. R takes B	26. B takes R
28. R to K7	27. R to QB4
29. R takes QKtP	28. Kt to QB3
30. R takes KtP ch	29. Q to QB
31. Q to Kt5 ch	30. K takes R
32. B takes KRP	31. K to B2
33. Q to Kt6 ch	32. Q to KR
34. B to Q2	33. K to B

And wins.

GAME XVII.

Played between Mr. H. M. Somerville, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., and the late Judge A. B. Meek, of Mobile.

EVANS GAMBIT.

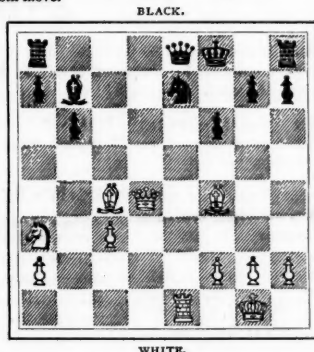
WHITE—Mr. S.	BLACK—Judge M.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. Kt to KB3	2. Kt to QB3
3. B to QB4	3. B to QB4
4. P to QKt4	4. B takes P
5. P to QB3	5. B to QR4
6. P to Q4	6. P takes P
7. Q to QKt3	

This mode of carrying on the attack in the Evans Gambit has of late years been but rarely adopted, and is not considered so strong as the more usual move of 7. Castles.

According to the German *Handbuch*, the second player ought now to move his Bishop to Queen's Second, having the best of the game.

8. Castles	7. Q to KB3
9. P to K5	8. P to Q3
10. R to K	9. P takes P
11. B to Kt5	10. B to QKt3
12. Kt takes KP	11. Q to Kt3
13. R takes Kt ch	12. Kt takes Kt
14. Kt to QR3	13. K to B
15. Q to QKt4 ch	14. P to KB3
16. R takes QBP	15. P to QB4
17. Q takes B ch	16. B takes R
18. R to K	17. Kt to K2
19. B to KB4	18. Q to K
20. Q takes QP	19. P to QKt3
	20. B to QKt2

The position at this stage of the game is so interesting that we give a diagram of it after Black's twentieth move.



Mr. Somerville, who thus far has conducted the attack with praiseworthy skill, here overlooked a very pretty checkmate in two moves which can be effected in the above position, and played:

21. B to Q6	21. R to Q
22. R takes Kt	22. Q takes R
23. B takes Q ch	23. K takes B
24. Q to K3 ch	

And wins.

GAME XVIII.

Between Messrs. Kolisch and De Vere in the Paris Chess Congress of 1867.

RUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

WHITE—Mr. De V.	BLACK—Mr. K.
1. P to K4	1. P to K4
2. Kt to KB3	2. Kt to QB3
3. B to QKt5	3. P to QR3
4. B to QR4	4. Kt to KB3
5. Castles	
6. Kt to QB3	5. B to K2
7. B to QKt3	6. P to QKt4
8. P to Q3	7. P to Q3
9. Kt to K2	8. Castles
10. P to QB3	9. B to Kt5
11. P takes B	10. B takes Kt
	11. Q to Q2

Pawn to Q4 is more immediately attacking.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. B., Boston.—There is no "hitch" at all in Game X., as printed. Black can Castle at the 7th move. You have failed to observe that the odds of Knight was given, and that such piece, consequently, was removed from the board prior to the commencement of play.

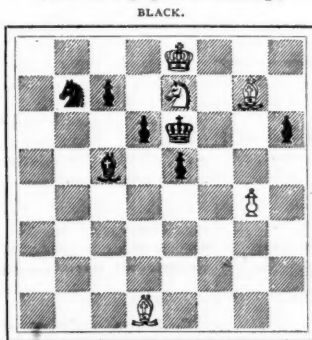
F. A. S., Union Mills, Md.—Your solution to problem 5, as you will have seen, is correct. Thanks for good wishes, which, be assured, are reciprocated.

W. H. L., Cincinnati.—Solution also correct; as are those furnished to same problem by J. B. S., "Thos. Linden," "Fanny B.," and G. R.

J. N. B., Chicago.—Both letters received and solution, as amended, found correct.

C. A. B., Springfield, Mass.—Your letter is before us. The enclosures referred to appear to have been forgotten, but the error is not.

PROBLEM XI. By Mr. S. Lehnner.
(From the *Leipziger Schachzeitung*.)



White to play and checkmate in four moves.
Problem XII. (which we take from the recently published *American Chess Nuts*) is, considering the small number of pieces on the board, one of the most difficult that we ever remember to have seen.

12. Kt to Kt3	12. Q to KR6
13. B to Q5	

Feebly played; King to Rook square, as the editors of the *Book of the Paris Congress* remark, would have been far preferable.

14. P takes Kt	13. Kt takes B
15. K to R	14. Kt to Q
16. R to Kt	15. P to KB4
17. Kt to K4	16. P to KB5
18. P to Q4	17. Kt to KB2
19. Q to Q2	18. Kt to KR3
20. P to QKt3	19. K to R
21. B to QR3	20. R to KB4
	21. R to KR4

Mr. Kolisch has profited admirably by his opponent's faulty play on the thirteenth move, and has now by far the best of the battle.

22. R to Kt3	22. Kt to Kt5
23. K to Kt	23. Kt takes KRP
24. R to Q	24. Kt takes BP ch
25. K to B	25. Q to R8 ch
26. K to K2	26. Kt takes QP ch
27. P takes Kt	27. Q takes KR
28. Q to KB3	

There seems to be nothing better left.

29. K takes Q	28. Q takes Q ch
30. R takes P	29. P takes QP
	30. R to KB4

And Mr. Kolisch won the game

We learn that there is some likelihood of a match by telegraph being arranged between the chess clubs of Brooklyn and Philadelphia.

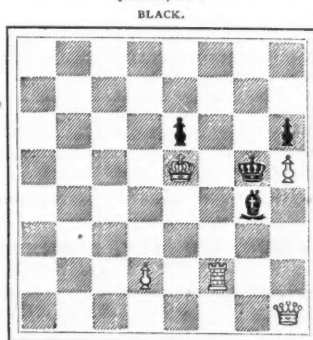
The latter city has been so uniformly successful against New York in contests of this description that, in the event of the proposed match taking place, we trust we may be enabled to congratulate our Brooklyn friends on having avenged the repeated defeats sustained by New York at the hands of Philadelphia.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to QKt4	1. Q to QR6
2. Q to KB8	2. Any move
3. Q or Kt mates	

WHITE.	BLACK.
Kt to QB4	Any move
B or Kt mates	

PROBLEM XII. By the late Mr. G. Cheney, of Syracuse, N. Y.



White to play and checkmate in three moves.
Problem XII. (which we take from the recently published *American Chess Nuts*) is, considering the small number of pieces on the board, one of the most difficult that we ever remember to have seen.

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